THE BYSTANDER NOV. 17th 1926

The BYSTANDER

RIVIERA NUMBER

1/-

EDITED ON THE SPOT

He didn't hurt a bit!

Your dentist is an important guardian of your health. Consult him twice a year. He can keep your teeth and gums healthy, prevent decay and ward off serious sickness that often originates in the mouth.

4 out of 5 wait too long!

As you mingle with crowds remember that four persons out of every five who pass the age of forty may contract dread Pyorrhœa through carelessness or ignorance.

At the first sign of tender, bleeding gums, go to your dentist at once for an examination, and start using Forhan's For the Gums.

Used regularly and in time, Forhan's For the Gums prevents Pyorrhœa or checks its progress. Your dentist will undoubtedly recommend it as your regular dentifrice. It has been used and recommended by dentists for the last 15 years when treating Pyorrhœa.

Forhan's For the Gums cleanses the teeth and at the same time protects you against Pyorrhœa.

You can't afford to gamble with health and happiness. Don't wait for Pyorrhœa's symptoms.

Stop at your chemist's for a tube of Forhan's For the Gums today and be safe! At all chemists.

FREE *Liberal One Week Trial Tube sent free on request. Thos. Christy & Co., Dept. 14, 4-12 Old Swan Lane, London, E.C4*

Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE . . *IT CHECKS PYORRHŒA*

LUXURY SHAVING

Have *you* ever shaved in really soft water? Then you know what is meant by "luxury shaving"—you will know how quickly and easily the lather comes and how the water seems to caress the skin.
Tap water is hard water. It contains lime and chalk to make it bone-forming and palatable. It is not nearly so pleasant to shave with. Williams Shaving Soap makes hard tap water soft like rain water. That is why it gives at the first few strokes of the brush a rich, full moist lather. And that is why this famous Williams lather is so soft and soothing to the skin, leaving you free from that unpleasant, stiff, starchy feeling which is largely the result of the harshness of hard water.

TRIAL SAMPLE OFFER.

For **3d.** in stamps we will send you a sample stick in full sized Williams holder-top container. After it is finished the same container will take an ordinary sized Williams Refill (price **1/-**).

The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 21. 103, St. John Street, E.C. 1

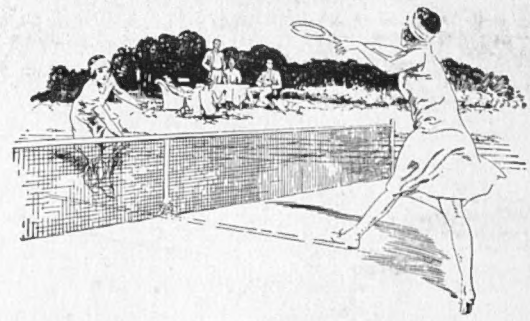
Williams Stick is also sold in Double Cap Holders

Price **1/3.** Refills **1/-.**

Williams
Holder Top Shaving Stick

THE En-Tout-Cas HARD LAWN TENNIS COURT

Patent No. 18734.



RED OR GREEN

RED—ALL Red Courts are not EN-TOUT-CAS, but probably 80% of the Hard Courts made during the last 16 years (quite 8,000) are EN-TOUT-CAS, and those made in 1910 are still in first-class condition. The EN-TOUT-CAS is the most durable Court made, and gives absolutely accurate play free from false bounds.

GREEN—The EN-TOUT-CAS Green Hard Court is GREEN ALL THROUGH, and is acclaimed by Experts as THE Green Court of the future. The colour is not sprayed on the surface as in the case of other Green Hard Courts, which are green for a month or so only, and then become piebald. The EN-TOUT-CAS Green Hard Court requires no spraying. Minimum upkeep—moderate cost—accurate play.

CHOICE?

Purely a matter of personal opinion. The world's leading players (Mlle. Lenglen, Mr. W. T. Tilden, and a host of others) say an EN-TOUT-CAS *Red* surface is *perfect* for play. If preferred a similar surface in a *fast* green can be supplied, but will cost a little more.

POST FREE Book No. 62, with Special Supplement, from the SOLE MAKERS. THE EN-TOUT-CAS CO., LTD., SYSTON, Nr. LEICESTER. London Offices: Fortnum & Mason, 169, Piccadilly, W.1.

United States Agents: H. A. ROBINSON & CO., 128, Water Street, New York. Canadian Agents: DOMINION SPORTS AGENCY, 34, Yonge Street Toronto.

VITAL MOMENTS IN THE HISTORY OF WESTMINSTER.

"Circumstances are beyond the control of Man; but his conduct is in his own power."—DISRAELI.

It is in everybody's power to choose the best possible value in Virginia Cigarettes. Try Westminster—unique in flavour and fragrance, in fact—the best in our time.

Westminster

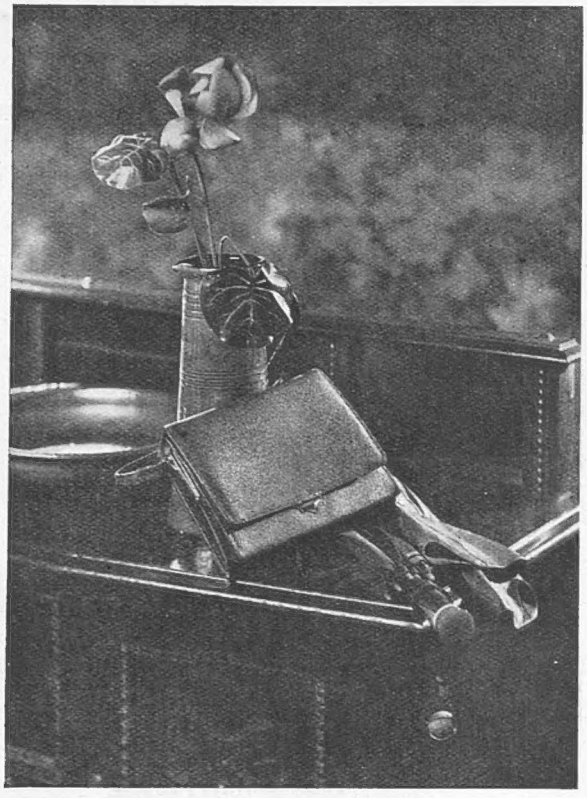
VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

Plain or Cork-Tipped

10 *for* 6D OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE 20 *for* 1/-

W.R.42

BETTER VALUE THAN EVER



Photograph by Wormald Studio.

I.K.210. Sabretache Bag in hard grained morocco, as illustrated, fitted with deep treasury note pocket, inner purse division, mirror, tablet and pencil. Exclusive pattern. Post free **21/-**

THERE'S a wonderful sense of satisfaction in shopping at Boots Gift Departments. Years of unique experience in the selection and marketing of presents for all occasions enable Boots to provide a helpful shopping service and an amazing variety of gifts.

In every Department you will find the same constant standard of good quality. This year's moderate prices ensure "better value than ever."

Write for Illustrated Catalogue!

Boots Gift Departments

Chief London Branch: 182, Regent Street, W.1.
Chief Northern Branch: Royal Exchange, MANCHESTER.

Boots Pure Drug Co., Ltd.

PARTY TIME

This is when the kiddies really do enjoy themselves. And you enjoy yourself watching them. It is a great time; jolly things to do, good things to eat and . . . smart things to wear. Even children like to look nice (especially the little girls). And why shouldn't they? "Achille Serre" are always ready to help. Joy's frock dyed a gay hue for this party is never recognised as the one she wore at the last. Basil's little suit looks new . . . thanks to

Achille Serre Ltd.

Head Office and Works: Hackney Wick, London, E.9

BRANCHES AND AGENCIES ALMOST EVERYWHERE P.30

A LESSON FOR YOU

Here is a pair of laces purchased in Folkestone and sent on to us by a Manchester gentleman. He paid 4d. for them—(the price of Paton's "33" Laces, for which he asked)—and was told they were "just as good." But in practice, he writes, "one broke in three days, the other a week later."

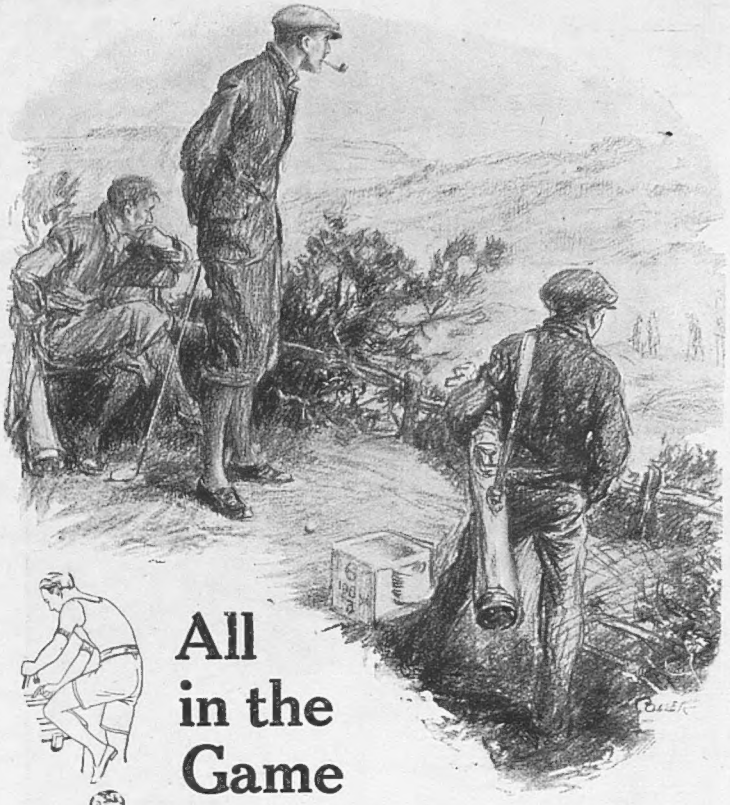
You will not break Paton's "33" Laces in three months, unless you do it deliberately. In shoes (where the strain is less than in boots) they usually outlast the best pair you can have, and the foregoing experience only serves to emphasise the importance of your insisting on Paton's "33's" and not accepting any others. There are none "just as good."

If your bootmaker cannot supply, write direct to makers, enclosing 1/- for 3 pairs. State whether for Ladies' or Gents' boots *or* shoes. Also colour—black, tan or white, and for shoe laces state whether tubular or flat required.

PATON'S

Price 4d. per pair.

WM. PATON, LTD., JOHNSTONE, SCOTLAND. P6



All in the Game

You start off with a clear sky, and the air warm. Presently you are held up by a slow foursome—and a sharp wind springs up. Golfers, if any one, **must** have good underwear—yielding to movement, and fully protective.

CHILPRUFE REGD UNDERWEAR for MEN

Men with wide experience are now, more than ever, placing their trust in Chilprufe Pure Wool.

Made of the finest yarn, it is silkily soft—the greatest changes in temperature never cause either chill or discomfort. Each garment is exactly finished, special attention being paid to points liable to strain.

ONE QUALITY ONLY.

This never-varying quality puts CHILPRUFE for MEN in a class apart. There are no different grades to confuse at the counter. In asking for Chilprufe you are demanding

The Highest Attainment in Woollen Underwear.

VESTS, PANTS, TRUNK DRAWERS AND PYJAMAS.
COMBINATIONS (Made to special order).

Ask your Hosier for
ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST.

If any difficulty, write direct
The CHILPRUFE MANUFACTURING Co.
(John A. Bolton, M.I.H., Proprietor)
LEICESTER.

BY APPOINTMENT

HENRY HEATH LTD
105·107·109·OXFORD ST.,W.

BY APPOINTMENT

'THE LINDEN'

A new model of super-fine quality Velour, in all sizes. Obtainable in the following shades:—
Beige Rose, Grey, Riffain, Reseda, Mulberry, Lavender, Airforce Blue, Rosewood, Opera and Mahogany.

Price **52/6**

A selection of Hats will be forwarded upon request.

HANAN & SON

Makers of Unusually Beautiful Shoes

present a shoe made in black satin embroidered with a gay design in colours—

the price is
sixty-five shillings

¶HANAN is showing this Winter a range of charming new evening models. Among them is a shoe made in the above manner but in silver brocade, which can be dyed any colour. This shoe costs 55/-

328 *Oxford Street* ~ *Regent Street* 203

Grey Hair

IT has been the experience of the leading hairdressers that Inecto justifies that confidence reposed in it.

WHEN a woman's hair retains its beauty of colour, tone and texture, it is invariably due to the use of Inecto which, in one treatment taking only 30 minutes, dispels greyness and all signs of premature age.

There is no reason now why any woman should not enjoy to the fullest degree the happiness of having supremely beautiful hair. This is the view of experts who have proved time after time the efficacy of Inecto as a hair recolourative.

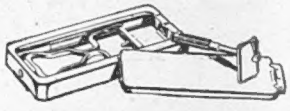
INECTO

SALONS:
32 Dover Street
('Phone: Regent 7931)
15 North Audley St.
Mayfair 3046 (3 lines)
LONDON, W.1

He'll say 'you're sensible'

He'll bless you for it! Once and for all it will solve his shaving problem — for he'll never need to buy blades any more!

This all-British ROLLS RAZOR is the perfect safety, with *one* guaranteed *hollow-ground* blade — automatically stropped and honed. A splendid gift for a man.



ROLLS RAZOR

The Simple Safety with the Guaranteed Blade

Obtainable Everywhere *Popular Model 25/-* *Standard Model 30/-*

ROLLS RAZOR LTD., 1, Charing Cross, London, S.W.1.

238,000 miles of Osram Filament have been used for Osram Lamps-enough to reach the Moon.

In the perfection of the Osram Lamp Quantity & Quality go hand in hand

Osram

G.E.C.

GASFILLED LAMPS

Your Guarantee of Better Home Lighting

Enter now for the E.D.A. Home Lighting Ballot Competition.

USE Osram Valves for Broadcasting

Sold by all leading Electrical Contractors, Stores and Ironmongers.

Advt. of The General Electric Co., Ltd., Magnet House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

Wm. Sanderson & Son, Ltd., Distillers —— LEITH. Estd. 1863.

NO NEED FOR CONSTANT POWDERING—

when Madame uses Hélène Day Cream before she goes out. In addition to forming an excellent powder base it protects the skin from impurities and lends it a soft radiance. Delightfully fragrant. In two sizes, 2/6 & 4/6

ATTRACTIVE ARMS

—smooth soft and creamy-white, will be hers who makes use of Hélène Complexion Lotion, a delicately scented liquid powder, so fine as to be almost invisible. Excellent for use before dancing, as it will not rub off. All shades, in three sizes, 3/6, 6/6 and 12/6

Helène— your aid to loveliness

A WELL-NIGH magic name where complexion-charm is concerned—Hélène! Her splendid preparations provide for the skin's every need, daytime or night. They are scientifically compounded, exquisitely prepared—and they are exclusive to Harrods, where an expert is always in attendance to advise and to demonstrate.

Other Hélène Preparations, in addition to those noted, include:

Astringent Tonic
Benzoin and Cucumber Lotion
Face Powder
Cleansing Tissues
Skin Food
Bleach Cream
Pore Cream
Rouge

Send for Hélène's Book on Beauty Preparations, post free.

BEAUTY INSURANCE

—the constant use, night and morning, of Hélène Cleansing Cream! It removes impurities, nourishes the tissues and protects the skin, giving it a smooth, delicate finish. Three sizes, 3/6, 6/6 and 9/6

HARRODS LTD **HARRODS** LONDON S W

GEORGE LUNN'S TOURS

SWISS WINTER SPORTS.

DISENTIS! DISENTIS!!

The Great new Ski-ing Centre of the Grisons; alt. 3,800ft.; Orchestra, Skating, Curling and Tobogganing.

Resorts.	Hotels.	Journey & 1st week from	Extra weeks from
DISENTIS	Disentiserhof.	£12 7 6	£4 4 0
ENGELBERG...	Sonnenberg .	10 15 0	3 18 6
FLIMS-WALDHAUS	Segnes ..	11 11 0	3 18 6
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LAC DE JOUX.	Grand	8 8 0	2 10 6
PONTRESINA ..	Rosatsch....	13 18 0	4 15 6
ST. MORITZ ...	Belvedere ...	14 10 6	5 6 6
SILVAPLANA ..	Engadinerhof	13 15 0	4 10 0
WENGEN	Falken	11 12 6	4 4 0
ADELBODEN ..	Grand Regina	11 10 0	4 15 6
ADELBODEN ..	Victoria	10 2 6	3 7 6
BEATENBERG .	Regina Palace	10 7 6	3 7 6
BEATENBERG .	Silberhorn ..	9 10 0	2 10 6
CHAMONIX ...	de Paris	7 12 6	2 17 6
CHAMPERY ...	Dent du Midi	10 17 0	3 13 0
GRINDELWALD	Alpenruhe ..	10 17 6	3 13 0
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Grindelwald! Grindelwald!!

Have you ever heard the sleigh bells jingling in this moonlit valley, where the virgin snow and glistening crystals await you?

Rooms booked in London; plans of hotels on application. Early booking is advised.

RIVIERA TOURS

10 Days Nice Tour £10 10 0
or 17 Days £12 17 6
17 Days Nice, San Remo Tour £15 5 0

All Nice Tours include Motor Tours to Mentone-Monte Carlo, Grasse and Cannes; travel, hotel, meals en route and escort to Nice.

For Escorted Tours to Paris, round Italy, Montreux, Lugano, Italian Lakes, Motor Tours in North Africa and Cruises to Mediterranean and West Indies apply for Booklet 47,

74, WIGMORE ST., W.1

'Phone: Langham 3382.

Manchester: 12, VICTORIA STREET.

fireside comforts

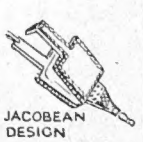
FOR THE COLD WINTER NIGHTS

"No coals, and these wet wood logs *won't* burn!" "No? Then you've yet to learn the secret that a few occasional puffs from a Lister Bellows will easily start and maintain a cheerfully burning fire."

"Either the 'Fireside' or the 'Settle' (seated) Log Tubs will grace any fireside, and will be eminently suitable for coal when it is again plentiful."

"*You'll* find these articles exceedingly useful, and they'll make ideal presents for your friends."

JACOBEAN FIRE-SCREEN


JACOBEAN DESIGN

The MAYPOLE INN

The FIRE-SIDE

LISTER TUBS AND BELLOWS *and* **FIRE-SCREENS**

Write for our new Catalogues:—

R. A. LISTER & Co. Ltd. DURSLEY · Gloucestershire

BY APPOINTMENT

Reville LTD

THE WORLD FAMOUS FASHION SALONS

GOWNS FURS & MILLINERY

of Distinction & Good Taste at Moderate Prices

HANOVER SQ W

A heavenly time

Next time you are "sorry you're late" or confounding yourself for being so early, remember that the heathen Red Indian thinks it as sinful to be early as to be late. . . And it was a wise missionary who once remarked that the Indian's Heaven must be made by Waltham!

Let your watchword be

WALTHAM

Every Waltham watch is guaranteed; there are 25,000,000 in use and each is backed by the experience and reputation of over seventy years.

Ask your Jeweller for the Waltham price list, showing more than 25 models suitable for lady's or gentleman's wear to meet all requirements.

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

EXCLUSIVE AND ATTRACTIVE LAMPSHADES AND CUSHIONS.

Designed and made by our own workers in our new premises, 197-8 *SLOANE STREET.*

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1.

MOTOR
'DICTOGRAPH'
LOUD SPEAKING CAR TELEPHONE
(Abolishing Germ Laden Speaking Tube)
OBTAINABLE AT ALL HIGH CLASS COACHBUILDERS Etc.
DICTOGRAPH HOUSE CROYDON ENGLAND

No Superfluous Hair

Throw away your razors, which only make hair grow faster and thicker each time they are used, and stop using noxious, irritating depilatories.

The perfumed velvety cream called Veet melts hair away just as heat melts snow. Whereas razors and ordinary depilatories merely remove hair *above* the skin surface Veet melts the hair away *beneath* it. You apply Veet just as it comes from the tube, wait a few minutes, rinse it off, and the hair is gone as if by magic! Entirely satisfactory results guaranteed in every case or money back. 3/- and 1/6 at chemists, hairdressers and stores. *Beware of imitations and inferior substitutes—they are often more expensive too.*

VEET 16
Removes Hair Like Magic

Per 12/- Cabinet

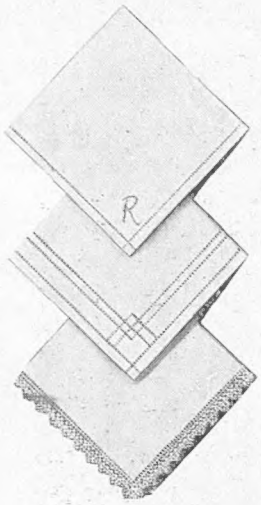
The most appreciated Xmas Gift.
A hammered metal box containing
200 ARMY CLUB Cigarettes plain
or cork tipped.
The metal box a work of art, is of
permanent use as a cigarette container,
glove or trinket box.

Army Club
CIGARETTES

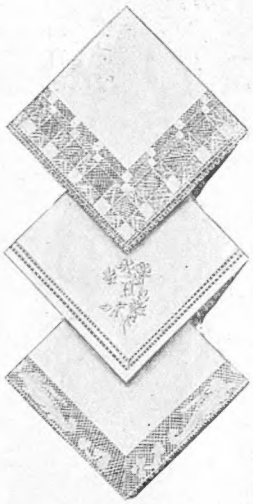
THE CIGARETTE THAT SET A STANDARD

CAVANDERS LTD., ESTABLISHED 1775
Pioneers of Hygienic Cigarette Packing

FINE QUALITY HANDKERCHIEFS FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS



PURE IRISH LINEN HANDKERCHIEF in white with initials embroidered in colours, and narrow hemstitched hem. In dozens and half dozens only.
Price **8/11** per dozen.
IRISH LINEN HANDKERCHIEF with dainty veined border. ¼" hem.
Price **1/5** each.
16/9 per dozen.
LINEN HANDKERCHIEF with reproduction Appenzell border.
Price **2/6** each.
29/- per dozen.



LINEN HANDKERCHIEF with dainty lace edge.
Price **2/6** each.
28/6 per dozen.
IRISH LINEN CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEF with spoke hem and embroidered initial. Sold in dozens and half dozens only.
Price **14/9** per dozen.
DAINTY LINEN HANDKERCHIEF with reproduction Mechlin lace border.
Price **1/7½** each.
18/6 per dozen.

Debenham & Freebody.
(DEBENHAMS LIMITED)
Wigmore Street,
(Cavendish Square), London, W.1

BOURNEMOUTH
FOR THE WINTER

This beautiful town, in its setting of health-giving pine trees on the sunny South Coast, has been likened by the well-known author, Thomas Hardy, to a "Mediterranean lounging place on the English Channel," and possesses unique attractions as a place of residence for the Winter.

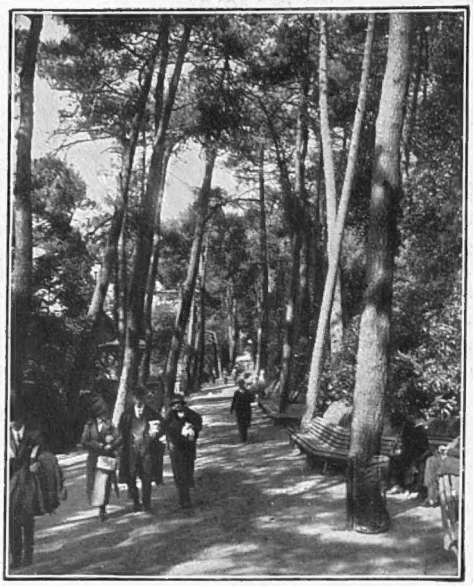


Photo. J. Read [*Bournemouth*
Pine Walk in Winter.

Its mild climate, sandy subsoil, and abundance of Winter sunshine are supplemented by a variety of outdoor sports and indoor amusements. There are two first-rate Municipal Golf Courses in the Borough, and five others in the neighbourhood. 20 hard Tennis Courts. Hunting and fishing. Tours by motor coaches to places of historic interest. The permanent Municipal Orchestra, under the leadership of Sir Dan Godfrey, plays daily at the Winter Gardens, and the Military Band each morning on the Pier. There is a Theatre, a Hippodrome and excellent Cinemas and Dance Halls, Public Libraries and Art Gallery.

Through Service of Luncheon and Dining Cars from London, the Midlands, the North, and Wales, by express trains.

Illustrated official guide from Town Clerk, Room 45, Town Hall, Bournemouth.

A BECOMING TOUPET GIVING SOFT SHINGLED EFFECT. PRICE ONLY £2 12 6

TRANSFORMATIONS of BEAUTIFULLY SOFT, GLOSSY, WAVY HAIR.
Impossible to Detect.

Price according to quantity of Hair,
£4 17 6, £3 12 9, £2 10 9.

With absolutely Natural Skin Parting,
£6 6 0.

Toupet with Natural Skin Parting, £2 10 9.

Every description of Ornamental Hairwork undertaken and carefully and promptly executed.

SWITCHES OF PURE HAIR, SOFT & LUSTROUS

16 in.	5/9	24 in.	22/9
18 in.	8/9	26 in.	26/9
20 in.	11/9	28 in.	37/9
22 in.	15/9	Any length to order.	

Universal Hair Co.
(Established 1895.)

West End Branch
1, Berners St., Oxford St., W.1

For Goods on Approval see our Descriptive Catalogue, post free from THE MANAGERESS,
80/84, FOXBERRY RD., BROCKLEY,
LONDON, S.E.4.

THE "SPORTING" BERET.
ROBERT HEATH'S Ltd., of Knightsbridge, newest speciality for Motoring, Golf, etc. Small appearance and very close fitting with tiny adaptable brim.
In their well-known absolutely waterproof and unspottable velvet, in Black, and also a variety of 32 art shades, to order in 4 days.
Price **37/6**
A selection of beautifully hand made natural Feather Bird models, comprising Wild Duck, Pheasant, Grouse, Partridge, Jay, Snipe, Parrot, etc., Price **15/-** each extra.
New Illustrated Catalogue on application post free.
ROBERT HEATH
Of Knightsbridge.

ONLY ADDRESS
37 & 39, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1.

OBESITY
THYROID GLAND ANTI-FAT PILLS quickly remove all superfluous adipose tissue accumulated in the cells of the system, bringing stout men or women to their normal weight, at the same time giving vigour, new life, vitality, strength and nerve force. This standardised treatment, double strength (sufficient for four weeks), sent on receipt of 10/- post free. Only obtainable from—
MARTIN, Herbalist, 10, Welford Rd., Leicester (Box 89).

HALFORD'S CURRY POWDER
TRADE MARK
MAKES DELIGHTFUL & DIGESTIBLE DISHES.

The Tooth Paste of the Wise

1/3 OF ALL CHEMISTS

Thirty seconds of Euthymol in the dilution applied to the teeth, will destroy any dental decay germ.

May we send you a little tube FREE? Or will you ask your Chemist for a big one at 1s. 3d.?

Parke, Davis & Co. (Dept. L52) 54, Beak Street, London, W.1.

Euthymol TOOTH PASTE

MATERNITY GOWNS & COATS.

ECIRUAM Maternity Gowns are unique in that they are exceedingly practical and most successfully fulfil a purpose without seeming to do so.

NEW MODELS FOR AUTUMN & WINTER

No. 153. This attractive fringed Gown is in Satin Marocain, slightly embroidered at waist line .. .. .. 7½ Gns.
Satin Beauté .. .. 8 Gns.
Chiffon Velvet .. 8½ Gns.
Can be worn over Georgette Underslip with long sleeves if desired .. .. .. 2½ Gns.

No. 143. Brocade Evening Gown, cut on most slimming lines, finished in front with handsome beaded ornament .. 13½ Gns.
Chiffon Velvet .. 13½ Gns.
Panne .. .. .. 15 Gns.
Satin Beauté .. 13 Gns.

Patterns free on request.

PLEASE STATE COLOURS

153 143

Write for New Season's Fashion List, Free.

ECIRUAM LIMITED

Close to Bond Street Station.

GOWN MAKERS & LADIES' TAILORS.

43 SOUTH MOLTON ST., LONDON, W. 1.

Furs on Deferred Terms

To meet the convenience of our clients during the present financial depression, we have arranged that any purchase may, if desired, be paid for in 12 equal monthly payments. Only 5% is added to ordinary Cash Price.

Catalogue and Particulars Post Free.

THE NATIONAL FUR COMPANY LTD.,

Fur Specialists since 1878.

193, BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3

Branches at Leicester. Cardiff, Swansea and Carmarthen.

"STUDINGTON" FOR THE CAR. COATS

'An October-to-May necessity, giving a June-to-September luxury'

AGENTS IN MOST TOWNS OR DIRECT FROM

STUDD & MILLINGTON LIMITED
SPORTING AND MILITARY TAILORS

51, CONDUIT STREET, BOND STREET, W.
67-69, CHANCERY LANE, HOLBORN, W.C.
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81, GRACECHURCH STREET, E.C.

GRANT'S B.P.

A happy combination of the Bounty of Nature and the Distiller's Art

The Hall Mark of Quality

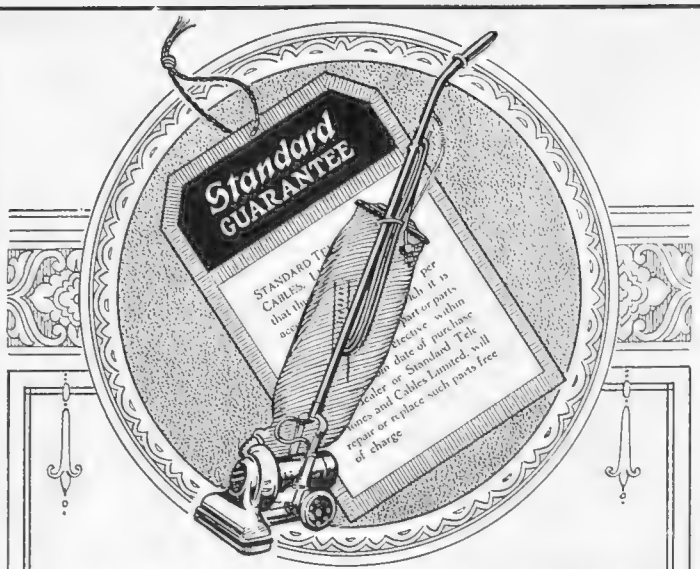
WM. GRANT & SONS, LTD.
The Glenfiddich and Balvenie-Glenlivet Distilleries, Dufftown
and at
82 Gordon Street, Glasgow

London Agents,
for Grant's "Liqueur" Scotch:
MESSRS. HEDGES & BUTLER, LTD.
Wine Merchants to H.M. The King
153 Regent Street, W.1.

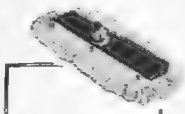
at the Ritz GREYS big O are smoked with the coffee

OF ALL TOBACCONISTS

20 for 1/5



THE GUARANTEED VACUUM SWEEPER



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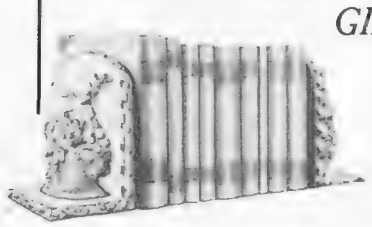
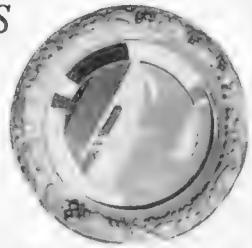


Cleverly modelled book ends of a basket of flowers on a gilt background. Predominant colours for ribbon bow, etc., blue, green, rose, orange, cyclamen.
Price per pair **29/6**



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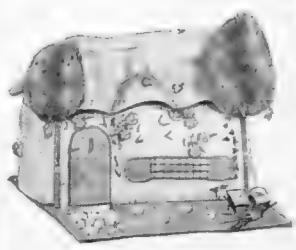
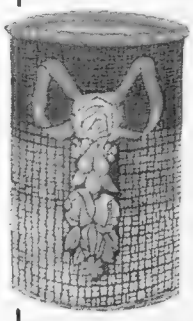


Cottage work-basket fitted scissors, thimble, measure and pincushion
Size 11 × 9.
Price **38/6**



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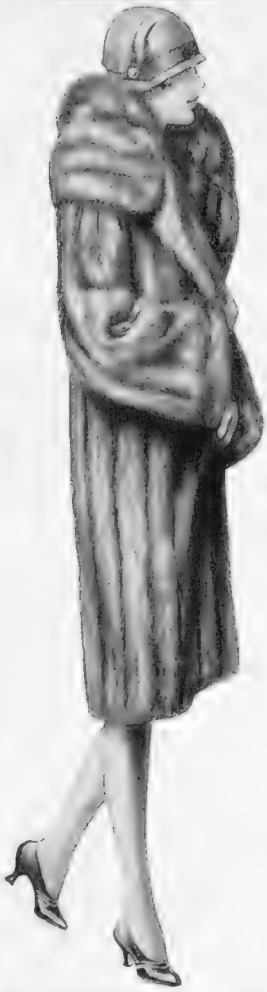

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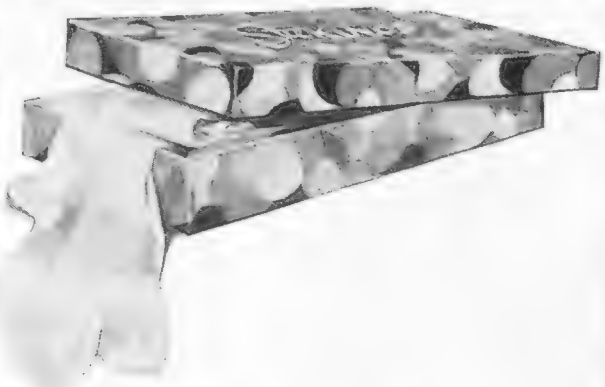

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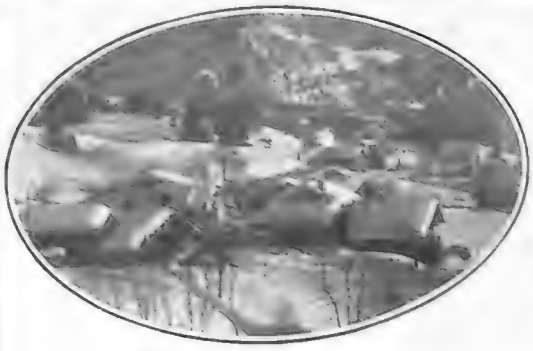

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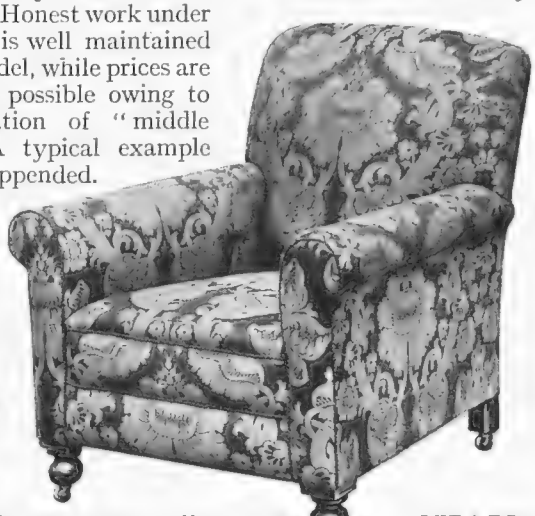

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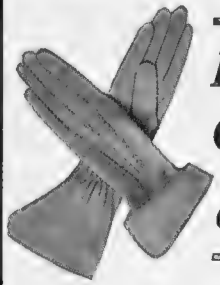

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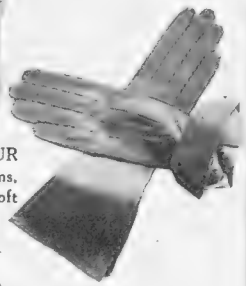

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The Bystander, November 17, 1926

RIVIERA NO.

The BYSTANDER

NUIT DE CARNIVAL

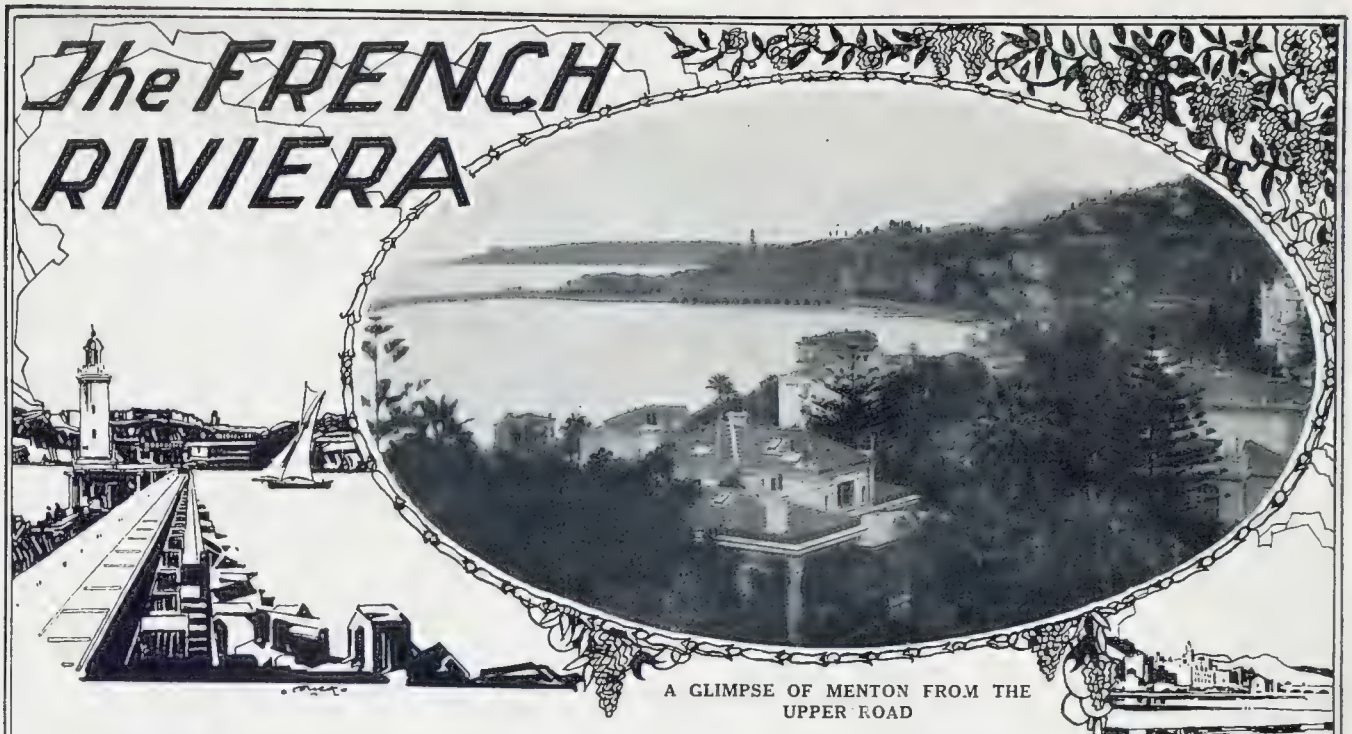
BY MORSE

The Past Looks on the Present

A. S. Allberry

A glimpse of Monte Carlo from the old citadel of Monaco. Centuries ago the watcher on the ramparts frequently gazed down on brisk doings with gun and sword on the rocky slopes below. To-day he looks out on a never-ending invasion by the hosts who come to try conclusions with the God of Chance in his stronghold across the harbour

The FRENCH RIVIERA



A GLIMPSE OF MENTON FROM THE UPPER ROAD

AN INTRODUCTION BY THE HON. S. R. BERESFORD

(Author of "The Future at Monte Carlo," etc.)

THE year now passing has been one of the most eventful in the history of the French Riviera. Even the falling franc has caused no individual disappointment. Upon the contrary, from Marseilles to Ventimiglia the local banks—which consist for the most part of the stocking and the mattress—have never held so great a surplus. It might be supposed that the economical upheavals to which we are accustoming ourselves would have caused embarrassment by depreciating values, but this theoretical contingency has not asserted itself avengefully. Tradesmen have sold as they never sold before; whilst as to the question of stock replacement, subtlety has devised an antidote. Many goods formerly obtainable by importation only are now available from factories recently set up in France. A certain well-known medicinal, for instance, would as an importation cost some forty francs; it is now obtainable upon the Riviera at fifteen francs per bottle! There are commodities, such as paper, that Frenchmen have neglected to provide for, but for the most part stocks are repleted by substitution or from the new home manufactories.

M. POINCARÉ may devise what plans he may to increase his country's revenue, but he will never reach our local "banks" until he revises the methods of collection. For example, receipts of payments should bear a stamp, yet there can be few of those who pay their bills that have ever seen a receipt stamp in the South of France! Stamps are obtainable, of course, but, owing to the cramped confusion inseparable from the postal offices, are obtainable only at too great a cost in time to be worthy of a hard-working people's consideration. A supreme effort is now being made in Nice to convince authority that the few existing post offices should be

YACHTS IN HARBOUR AT CANNES

SKETCHES BY NICK

WINTER BATHING AT NICE A. S. A.

enlarged and opened out. If this reform is brought about it will add some millions of francs to revenue.

THERE is meaning in this dissertation upon the lack of tax-paying facilities, for visitors by the tens of thousands are streaming back to the Riviera. The card of identity should be taken out by all, for although it has been estimated that in Nice alone last year one hundred thousand visitors avoided the responsibility, it is unwise to risk complications by evasion. Upon the other hand, it is a none too easy undertaking. It will be good news, therefore, to know that in December, thanks to private enterprise, a bureau is to be established in the principal coastal towns, where for a small additional fee the cards will be obtainable. Much personal inconvenience may thus be avoided.

EVERYTHING along the coast is now in order for the great reception. At Cannes the tennis courts look spick-and-span; the golf links admirably prepared. Hotels and restaurants are ready, the roads that lead to Grasse or to St. Juan and on to Nice, Monte Carlo and Menton have been resurfaced, to be torn to shreds, alas! in a few short months. The France of which I write knows no stone but the calcareous rock of which the mountains are composed. It has not the durability to form a lasting road surface. In consequence, our roads soon lose their smoothness to the crush of traffic and the rainfall.

AT Nice much interest has been created by the Frank Gould proposals for a new and ultra-magnificent Casino, a rival to Monte Carlo, as described in a local leading article—the writer forgetting that so long as Monte Carlo holds a territorial monopoly of the right to exploit the games of Trente et Quarante and Roulette her position must remain impregnable. Nice has enjoyed a memorable summer season with but one slight shock that was confined to her multitude of bathers. The presence of a shark was reported by an excited group of lady swimmers, one of whom affirmed that she recognised the dreaded fin as the monster leapt above the water! A tunny fish, undoubtedly, just possibly a thousand-pounder, for these great sporting fish cross over occasionally from near-by Corsica. I have never heard of a shark nearer to Nice than Genoa.

MONTE CARLO, in its setting between lovely Cap d'Ail and Roquebrune, will maintain its reputation as the headquarters of this blazing coastline. The rapidity with which new buildings have sprung up will surprise the regulars. That there will be ample room for all is certain. It may even be that we shall see keen competition for custom amongst the hotel men later on. Improvements are many. Over twenty million francs have been allocated to the purpose of providing increased facilities for outdoor recreation. Work has already commenced on the construction of the new bathing establishment beyond Larvotto Bay.

THE Monte Carlo golf course remains open throughout the year, to the great convenience of those golfers who have been "locked out" by the closing down of all the other Riviera links in summer. By admirable good management, both lunch and tea are always available in the club-house. Within the Casino itself redecoration has been carried out by sections. Roulette tables that were apparently at anchor for all eternity would be whisked away as if by magic at closing time to reappear elsewhere the following morning. The administration is never unprepared.

S. R. B.

The Union of Two Royal Houses

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF BRABANT

The marriage of the heir to the Belgian Throne with Princess Astrid of Sweden was hailed with scenes of unprecedented rejoicing in Stockholm and Brussels. A large gathering of royalties attended the wedding ceremonies in the two capitals

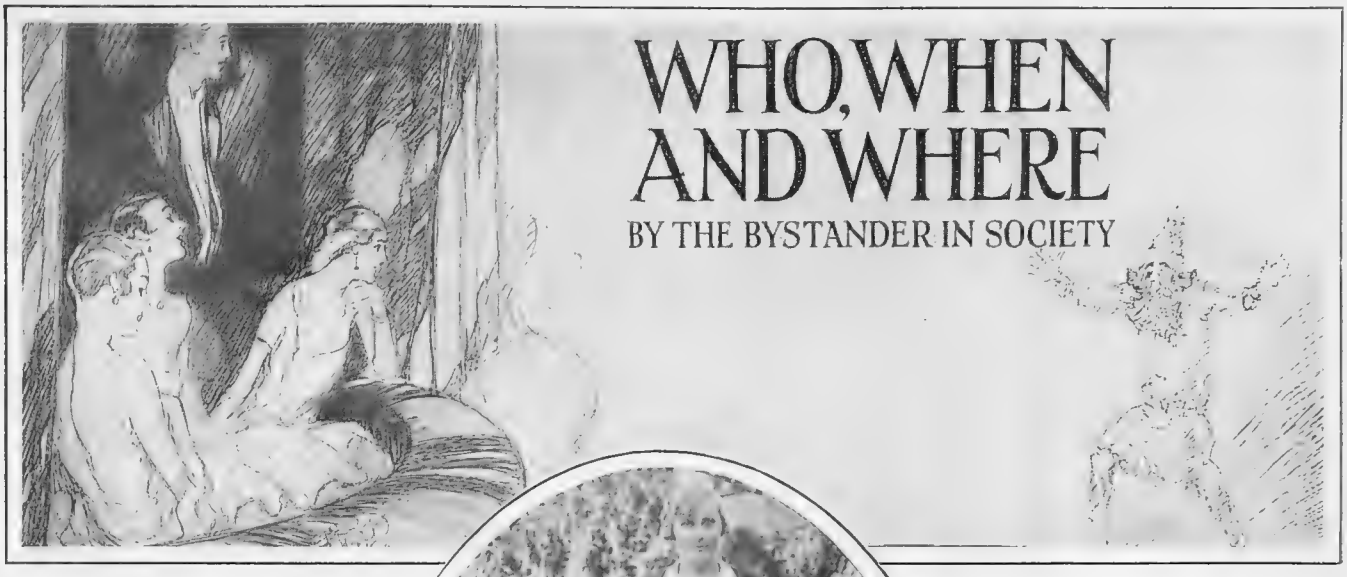
Photo. Central Press

The Live Wire and "Roman Candle"-Power

BY E. T. REED

ANCIENT ROME: "Superb invention of yours, my dear Mussolini. Gorgeous!—for domestic uses. But don't go confusing *internal* with *international* You'll overstrain the voltage if you're not careful!"

(It is reported that Signor Mussolini proposes to prosecute or punish foreigners—on entering Italy—who have opposed or criticised his policy in their own countries)



WHO, WHEN AND WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

ROYALTY RELAXES *Central News*

The King of Spain photographed at Barcelona whilst enjoying a short rest from the cares of State. With him are his two daughters, the Infanta Beatrice and the Infanta Maria Christina

The King at Elveden

ELVEDEN HALL, where the King went last week to pay his annual visit to the Earl of Iveagh for pheasant shooting, was the home of the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh during his many years of pleasant exile in this country. The house was built at a time when white marble was considered the correct and proper thing for the entrance halls of the truly rich and great. In addition to the hall, and a lavish use of marble in other parts of the house, there are still many traces of the Oriental taste of the original owner of Elveden.

Lord Iveagh has the best pheasant shooting in the country, and the year before the war six guns, including the King's, accounted for a thousand pheasants and five hundred partridges one day before luncheon. By an ingenious arrangement warning is given by telephone to the guns of approaching birds.

For his shooting parties, of which the one for the King is always the first, Lord Iveagh has a wonderful travelling kitchen in which a *chef* cooks the luncheon each day, literally on the spot where it is eaten.

Lord Iveagh is the head of the firm of Guinness, and is now seventy-nine. When he was thirty-eight he was made a baronet, and six years later was created Baron Iveagh. Fourteen years later his barony was raised to a viscounty, and by an odd coincidence fourteen years after that he was created Earl of Iveagh and Viscount Elveden, the latter title being the courtesy title of his eldest son.

A Vigorous Queen

THE instinct of a crowd to get as near as possible to an object of interest and admiration is clearly not understood by the Antwerp authorities. We understand it so well in this country that we have soldiers as well as policemen to line the route of Royal processions.

At Antwerp, when Princess Astrid of Sweden, now Duchess of Brabant and Belgian Crown Princess, was passing with the Duke and the King and Queen of the Belgians from the Town Hall to the train, the crowd in its enthusiasm broke through the cordon of mounted soldiers and literally mobbed the Royal party.

I wonder if in all history a Queen has ever pummelled the backs of any of her husband's subjects before Queen Elizabeth of the Belgians let out at Antwerp with clenched fists on the backs of the men who were impeding the Royal passage by

AT RICHMOND *L.N.I.*

The Prince of Wales shaking hands with one of the guard of honour formed of men who lost both legs in the war. He laid the foundation stone of flats provided by the British Legion Poppy Factory for the accommodation of disabled men

AT ST. MARGARET'S *L.N.A.*

The Hon. Archibald Edward Cubitt, the second surviving son of Lord and Lady Ashcombe, photographed with his bride, Lady Irene Helen Pratt, elder daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Camden

their foolish mobbing. After all, Queens are human beings, and the Queen of the Belgians is a woman of high spirit. The War proved that, and I think there is something delightfully characteristic in her pummelling those too obtrusive backs.

An old friend of mine who is nearly ninety told me that the accounts of Princess Astrid's reception in Belgium reminded her of the reception of Queen Alexandra here, sixty-three years ago—a case of coming, being seen, and conquering.

From that time until the outbreak of the Great War Sir John devoted his whole time to the management of his property and to county interests. When the war came, although he was fifty, he went back to the Army, and fought throughout all the engagements on the Somme.

He was the kindest of men, and in Caithness was regarded as a model landlord, and that was because he had the old-

Photo Illus.

BEFORE THE RUN

A photograph taken at the opening meet of the Eridge, which was held at Eridge Castle. The group shows Lord Richard Nevill (left), Lady Camden, Lord Henry Nevill, M.F.H. and Capt. Eden Wallace

Topical

THE "HUNTSMAN"

Miss D. Lambert, the new Deputy Master and Huntsman of the West Percy Foxhounds, at the opening meet, which drew a large field, including many visitors from adjoining hunts. It was held at Alnham, the home of Mrs. Adam Scott

Sir John Sinclair of Dunbeath

THE death of Sir John Sinclair of Dunbeath will be a heavy loss to the county of Caithness. He succeeded his grandfather, the sixth baronet, as a boy of nine, and when he grew up went into the Army. He went all through the Boer War, and did so brilliantly that when that war was over, Wick, the neighbouring town to his estate of Barrock, presented him with its freedom.

Dennis Moss

AT THE OPENING MEET

Lady Diana Shedden and Mrs. M. J. Kingscote at the opening meet of the Duke of Beaufort's Hounds at Newnton Lodge, near Tetbury. Lady Diana Shedden, the Duke of Beaufort's younger sister, married Captain L. H. C. Shedden last year

Sport and General

WITH THE QUORN

The Duke of York with Lt.-Com. Colin Buist, R.N., at the opening meet of the Quorn. It was held at Kirby Gate and hounds had two excellent runs, one of forty minutes and one of an hour and forty minutes

TO THE MEET BY AIR *Alfieri*

Captain Lowenstein, the well-known Belgian financier, photographed at the opening meet of the Quorn at Kirby Gate. Captain Lowenstein came to the meet by aeroplane

fashioned landlord's principle of considering himself responsible for the well-being of his tenants. His knowledge of Caithness history and of Scottish families was encyclopædic.

Sir John rarely left Barrock House except during the shooting season, when he let it. His whole life was devoted to his estate and to his county duties. He is succeeded by his nephew, Mr. Ronald Sinclair, who is on the stage.

Two Baronetcies

THERE are two Sinclair baronetcies—one of Dunbeath and the other of Ulbster—and the holders of both descend from the same Earl of Caithness, but such a far-away Earl that your Bystander cannot face the arithmetic sum necessary to tell you his date. The Dunbeath baronetcy is the senior by some eighty years, having been given in the reign of Queen Anne. The Ulbster baronetcy was given in the reign of George III, and is now held by Sir Archibald Sinclair, who is a polo-player as well as a Member of Parliament. He succeeded his grandfather, Sir John Tollemache Sinclair, a familiar figure at Christie's for many years, and one of the last of the old-fashioned "patrons" of the arts. Sir Archibald married a daughter of Lady Angela Forbes, the sister of Lady Millicent Hawes, once upon a time, Millicent, Duchess of Sutherland.

Sir Archibald and Lady Sinclair used to live in a charming house in Cheyne Walk facing the river, but they gave it up for a house on Kingston Hill, and Mr. Lloyd George succeeded them in Cheyne Walk.

There is an unusual link between the two Sinclair

Photopress

IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE

Major Ian Bullough, M.F.H., and Mrs. Ian Bullough photographed at the opening meet of the Ledbury at Drury Lane Farm, Redmarley, Gloucestershire. Major Bullough is the Master of the Ledbury

THE TRIBUTE OF EMPIRE *Topical*

Members of the Cabinet, seen on the left, the Dominion Prime Ministers and the Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin at the Cenotaph on Armistice Day. The Premiers laid wreaths at the foot of the Cenotaph after the Great Silence

baronetcies. The second son of the picture-loving Sir John Tollemache Sinclair of Ulbster, Mr. George Sinclair, married the sister of the late Sir John Sinclair of Dunbeath. This union brought a variety of cousinships and close friendliness into two families which, although descended from the same ancestor, had practically ignored each other's existence for well over a hundred years.

The estates of both Sinclair baronets are in Caithness. Sir Archibald Sinclair of Ulbster has Thurso Castle at Thurso, and the new baronet of Dunbeath, Sir Ronald Sinclair, succeeds to Barrock House near Wick.

An Unusual Proceeding

THIRTY-SIX years ago the Bavarian Government bought a picture, "The Tennis Party," from Sir John Lavery, and since that time it has hung in the New Pinakotek at Munich. To his intense surprise, some little time ago Sir John saw the picture announced for sale in London. On enquiry he was told by the Pinakotek authorities that "The Tennis Party" had been exchanged for another picture "much desired by the gallery."

I suppose, after all, there is no obligation on the part of a national gallery to keep all the pictures it possesses, except that they are the property of the purchasing nation. However this may be, it is extremely trying for any artist to have a picture, which he naturally thought would hang in a national public gallery so long as that gallery existed, bundled out in this unceremonious way, and put upon the market.

A House-Warming and Music

QUEENS, I suppose, do not often attend house-warming parties, but the Queen of Spain had that experience when she dined with Earl and Countess Beatty at their new house in Grosvenor Square last week. It was the first party they had had there. After dinner, there was some excellent music—violin solos by Mr. Dettmar Dressel, who also played in trios for 'cello, piano and violin with Mr. H. Dugarde and Miss Mirian Duncan, and songs by Mr. Eric Marshall.

Poppy Day

I THINK more poppies than ever must have been sold last Thursday. Women friends who helped to sell told me they noticed a greater demand for the more expensive kinds than in any other year.

This is as it should be, because the demands on the money raised on the Day of Remembrance are very heavy. Since its institution five years ago, Poppy Day has brought in £1,300,000. The major amount of this money has been given to the relief of distress amongst ex-Service men through unemployment, vouchers for food, coal, etc., being issued by the relief committees of the British Legion, which now number 2,600 throughout the country.

Besides this relief, Poppy Day has maintained a sanatorium and a village settlement at Preston Hall, near Maidstone, for tuberculous ex-Service men and their families. There are seventy families in the settlement, where they live under

L.N.A.

IN WHITEHALL

The Queen of Spain, Queen Mary and Sir William Joynson-Hicks on their way to the Cenotaph. The Duke and Duchess of York are seen behind them

THE GREAT SILENCE

Central Press

"THEIR NAME LIVETH FOR EVERMORE"

The scene at the Cenotaph during the Great Silence. Far up Whitehall to Trafalgar Square the dense crowds stood in silent homage to the dead as the hour of eleven sounded the signal over the London streets which but a moment before were teeming with activity

ideal conditions and have constant medical supervision. The sanatorium, which has the most up-to-date appliances for combating tuberculosis, has accommodation for 123 patients.

Everybody who bought a poppy last Thursday has the satisfaction of knowing that whatever they gave will go directly to the benefit of ex-Service men who are in need.

St. Andrew's Eve Ball

THE Duke and Duchess of York have promised to attend the ball at Claridge's on November 30, St. Andrew's Eve, in aid of the Women's and Babies' Annexe of the Royal Free Hospital. You can get your tickets from Lady Ossulston, the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.1.

In Charity's Name

THE Enham Village Centre Ball, which was postponed from May 17, will take place on Wednesday, December 1. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has graciously promised to be present.

Note

CONTRIBUTORS and others are reminded that the address of THE BYSTANDER is now 6, Great New Street, E.C.4. 'Phone Central 7511.

Central Press

AT THE NATION'S SHRINE

His Majesty the King at the Cenotaph in Whitehall during the Great Silence. Standing immediately behind him are Prince Arthur of Connaught, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York

Here We Are Again!

This Riviera Number has become such a hardy annual that I always feel like the gentleman in the harlequinade who bursts in upon us with the above remark. For the arrival of the Riviera season means as much to many of my readers as does Christmas to the great mass of the public. It is the signal for the great annual migration. The Blue Train has already been dusted; the green, green grass is growing on the lawns at Monte Carlo, and the sun is shining all the way from Avignon to the Mediterranean.

The Open-air Brigade

I am glad to notice that a regular contributor, writing in the pages that follow, has drawn attention to the improvement in the sporting facilities of the Côte d'Azur. These facilities had never been overlooked, but I had heard occasional grumbles that the open-air brigade were not catered for quite so thoroughly as they might be. We are not likely to hear that grumble repeated, for during the past two or three years a lot of money has been spent on golf and racing, while tennis courts have been springing up like mushrooms.

Have *You* Seen It?

How many of this season's visitors to the Riviera will, I wonder, have the good fortune to be looking seaward on one of those brilliant days when the island of Corsica is plainly visible from Monte Carlo? It is a never-to-be-forgotten experience and one that I have never heard satisfactorily explained. Whether the phenomenon is similar in origin to the mirage of the desert I cannot say, but it is certainly one of those cases in which the impossible happens—and happens for all to see. I should be interested to hear from anyone who has shared the experience.

It is Corsica!

This queer business is referred to by Guy de Maupassant in his story, "Happiness," included in Stanley Paul's new International Library. "Away on the horizon a vague, indistinct mass of a greyish colour could be seen rising above the water." Someone said: "It is Corsica. It can be seen like this two or three times a year in certain conditions of atmosphere, when the air is perfectly still and free from those vapours which usually rise from the sea and hide the distance."

A Phantom from the Sea

The story might have been written yesterday—or to-morrow, for visitors to Monte Carlo may yet witness the same strange, inexplicable sight. To quote Maupassant: "They were just able to pick out the mountains, and thought they could distinguish the snow on the peaks. The whole party remained standing, disturbed, almost frightened, by that sudden apparition of another world rising like a phantom out of the sea. Perhaps it was visions like those that drove Columbus and his men across the uncharted ocean . . ."

Good Luck!

Before passing on to more general matters, I cannot refrain from wishing my Riviera readers the best of luck in their encounters with the fickle jade, Fortune. I don't suppose any of them will reproduce the historic example of the lady who, having an old and worn note which she found it difficult to change, placed it on the first dozen at roulette, and left it there until she had won no less than thirty-four coups. Such

things don't happen every day, but the beauty of gambling is that you never know when you may not find Fortune in some such freakish mood.

Only Themselves to Blame

It is possible that we have seen the last of that amusing survival, the Undergraduates' Rag. Conducted on reasonable lines, they were an excellent outlet for high spirits, but the happenings at Cambridge on Guy Fawkes Night have placed them definitely under a cloud, and it is unlikely that they will regain their place in the sun of popular approval. Undergraduates in the past have had a good deal of latitude, but the West End has grown to look upon them as rather a nuisance, and if they receive unsympathetic treatment they will have only themselves to blame.

Age-old Advice

A London magistrate has been handing out to a husband the age-old advice that he should start all over again and treat his wife as he treated her in their courting days. If the humorists are to be believed, this is not such a simple remedy as one might suppose, the husband's sudden change of heart being looked upon by some wives with grave suspicion. In one case that has been placed on record, the wife immediately went home to her mother in the belief that the husband was endeavouring to camouflage his unfaithfulness, while in another she sent for the police, being under the impression that he was either intoxicated or had gone suddenly mad.

Russian Ballet

It will be interesting to see how the Russian Ballet fares as a popular entertainment at the Lyceum Theatre. Will the great shilling public understand what it is all about, and, if they don't, will they still pretend that they do? A good many criticisms have been levelled against the Russian dancers, one being that they appeal to a small and rather exotic coterie of "arty" folk. If they are found to exercise a popular appeal, there is no reason why their financial future should not be as rosy as that of Gilbert and Sullivan Opera, which draws largely upon all classes of the community.

A Democratic Trend

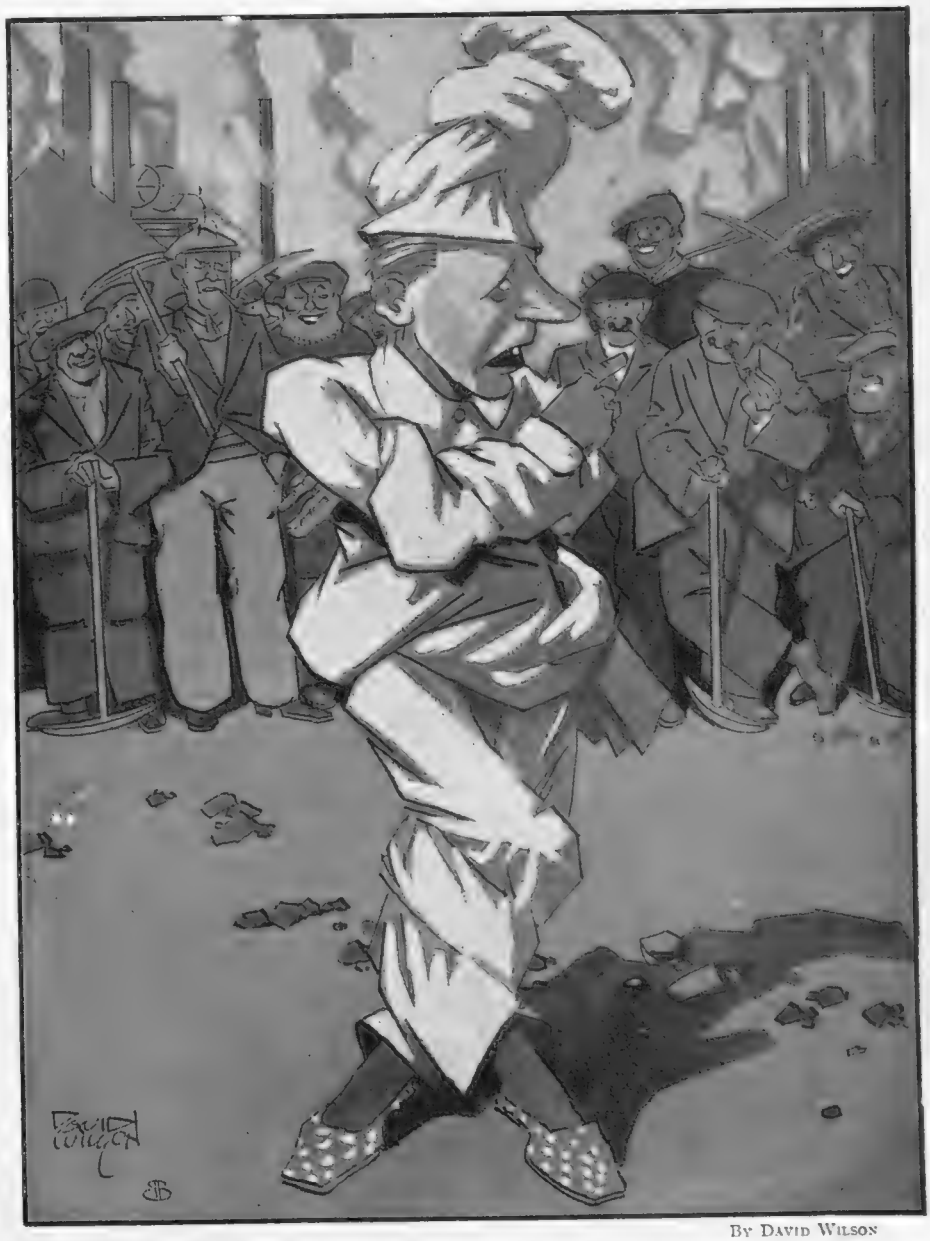
There has lately been an interesting development in those pictorial advertisements that portray the features of the particular pill that it is desired to sell. Formerly, the consumer of this toffee or that tobacco was shown as a very distinguished person who obviously moved in the higher walks of life. This rather snobbish form of appeal has now been rejected, and the ordinary smoker is asked to follow the example of another ordinary smoker drawn from his own social class. This may not have improved the appearance of our periodicals; it is evidence of a more democratic trend that cannot fail to be appreciated in certain quarters.

Royal Author

The Queen of Roumania's eulogy of Loie Fuller draws attention to that Royal lady's many artistic activities. She figures as an authoress in Heinemann's stupendous "Great Short Stories of the World," and the editor says of her that her stories "constitute the autobiography of a rich mind developed by contact with a country still by no means exploited for literary purposes." It is not so generally known that Queen Marie narrowly escaped writing the libretto of a comic opera for the Gaiety Theatre, the project only falling through at the last moment.

Our Foreign Home Towns

Talking of rural England, a correspondent has been touring what he calls the "foreign" villages of Britain, by which he means the villages having such foreign names as Calvo, Ferneux Pelham and Friockheim. But these, after all, are merely British towns with strangely un-English names. It would be equally interesting to tell us of those home towns that are so strangely foreign in appearance. There is, for instance, the village of Chalford, where the baker delivers his loaves with the aid of panniers swinging on either side of a donkey, exactly as is done in Italy. Then, again, there is Clovelly, the little beauty spot beloved of artists, which in many ways resembles a village in the foothills of Lombardy with its cobbled, terraced steps and toiling donkeys. And I do not doubt that many of my readers could provide other striking instances.



By David Wilson

"COMRADE" COOK IN "NOTTS"!

The Plungers

By T. A. ALEXANDER

Illustrations by MORSE

"I'VE got a system," said Peter.

"And I've got a system," said Pamela.

"Then I couldn't dream of taking you both to the Casino on the same evening," I warned them. "You would break the bank so badly that the hole would be visible from La Turbie.

"Nonsense," interrupted Peter. "My system is mathematically unassailable. You take a number——"

"Double it," laughed Pamela.

"Take away the number you first thought of," I added helpfully.

"And the answer," concluded Pamela in triumph, "is to be found hanging on that lovely tree in the hotel garden."

"My system," Peter began again, "is a series of co-ordinated numbers, which——"

"Mine," I retorted, "is simpler. You pick up the croupier's rake and tickle him with it. When he laughs, grab all the money in front of him. Then light a cigarette, and the attendants will put you out, with your booty still in your pocket. . . . But come along, children, hurry up and *faites vos jeux*."

From Nice station we sped quietly through the night, past the glimmering lights of the roadstead at Villefranche, past Beaulieu, drowsing in the moonlight, past the sleepy little station of Monaco. Monte Carlo at last. Through scented gardens we climbed the terraced steps from the station. At each turn a uniformed guard eyed us with keen suspicion.

"Oh, do say he's going to have us arrested," whispered Pamela. But nothing so pleasurably exciting happened to us, and we swung up from the terrace with the festive lights of the Café de Paris on our right, and before us the curious round garden with the curious name.

"And now to break the bank," announced Peter grimly.

"And afterwards," I added, pointing to the moonlit garden, "we will come and cut a slice from the Cheese."

We turned about and, with due solemnity, mounted the steps of the Cathedral of St. Hazard, passing its imposing guardians with beating hearts. At a long counter to the left two inquisitorial gentlemen examined our passports. One of them gazed at Pamela with an eagle eye. I spoke to him in French. He handed us green tickets, and we moved along the pillared corridor, still to the left

"What did he say?" whispered Pamela eagerly. "Did he think I was one of those maddeningly beautiful vampire-women who stake Crown jewels at the tables and break the hearts of thousands?"

"No," I replied; "he thought you were rather too young."

"Oh!" murmured Pamela, hurt.

We exchanged our notes for counters at a little cash-desk and bore down upon the tables.

"Why," exclaimed Pamela, still disappointed, "it . . . it looks like a board meeting with the head croupier in the chair. I can't see a soul who looks really wicked."

"That," I said, "is because we can't see ourselves. Now I suggest that we take separate seats, employ our respective systems, and reassemble at eleven with the debris of the three broken banks."

* * * * *

Half an hour later we sat down upon the terrace of the Café de Paris. An energetic orchestra discoursed sweet Charlestons in our ears. "When I've ordered two cognacs and a coffee for the child," I said, "we'll lay our winnings on the table and explain our triumphs. Forward, Peter."

"As a matter of fact," he faltered, "I—there's something wrong with—that is—of course, the system was all right, but——"

"How much have you won?" Pamela and I demanded together.

"Well, you see, I hadn't started winning before I came away. The system requires——"

His excuses were received with ribald laughter.

"Well," he retorted, "how did *your* rotten system work?"

"My system," I said, "was, as I claimed, infallible. You back red, and black turns up. You back even, and odd turns up. You back *manque*, and *passe* turns up. You back a number, or two numbers, on horseback, or a square of four or a line of six, and something turns up . . . entirely different. Except for tickling the croupier——"

"Then you haven't won anything, either?" jeered Peter.

"I didn't say I should," I responded with dignity. "I merely said my system was infallible, and it was. But what have you won, Pamela?"

Pamela opened a dainty silver bag and laid a bundle of notes on the table.

"Three hundred and fifty francs," she said modestly. "All through my system."

"Wonderful!"

"You see," explained Pamela, "I thought of such a nice number—twenty-one—and I put ten francs on it, and it won, and then I applied my system, which is, when you've won, stop before you lose it all."

"But what made you think of twenty-one?" we both asked.

"Ah," smiled Pamela, "to-day's . . . my birthday."

'Did he think I was one of those maddening beautiful vampire-women"

The Cause of the Children

F. A. Swaine

LADY HULTON

Reville

LADY ASHFIELD

Chairman of the Dance Committee

Compton Collier

MRS. GOMER BERRY

Dorothy Wilding

THE HON. GRACE STANLEY

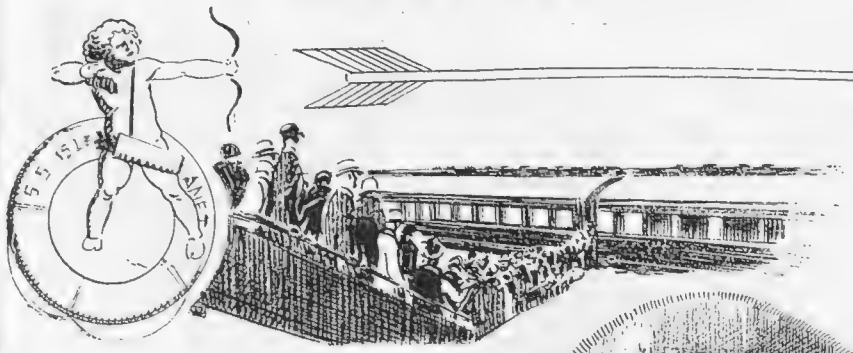
Hay Wrightson

MRS. LESLIE GAMAGE

Five ladies who are taking an active part in organising the Soirée Dansant which is being held at the Kit Cat Club in aid of the Infants' Hospital, Vincent Square, W.1, on Friday, November 26th. The proceeds are to be devoted more particularly to the Hospital's new Convalescent Home at Burnham, which Princess Mary, President of the Hospital, opened recently

TRAINS

Oh, when I was a tiny boy,
A train, it was my fav'rite toy.

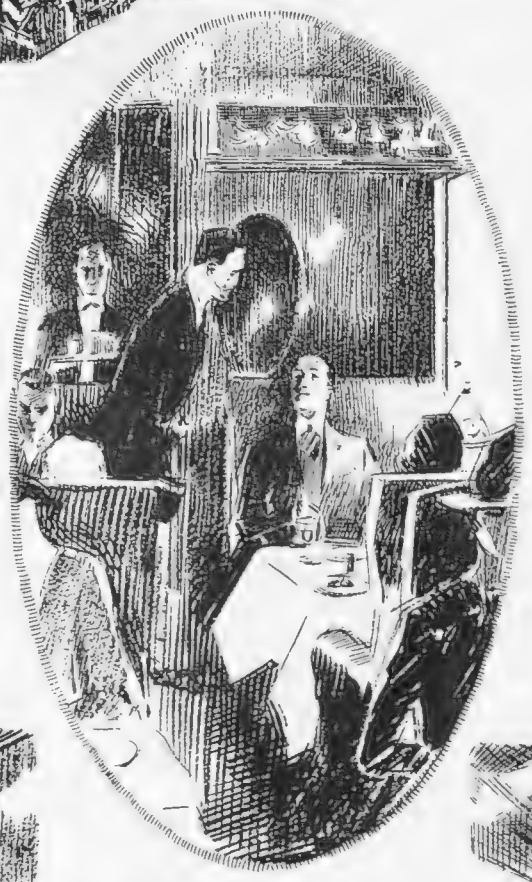


1. THE GOLDEN ARROW

TO Calais came our bowmen bold
Across the straits so narrow;
And now the traveller as of old
Doth take the Golden Arrow.

At Crécy and at Agincourt
Our goose-quilled shafts went flying,
But now to Paris (Gare du Nord)
In peace this Arrow's hieing.

Come, then, from anywhere you may,
From Huntingdon or Harrow;
Just take the straight and Arrow way
And go by Golden Arrow.



Travel de Luxe—the new "Golden Arrow" Pullman

2. THE BLUE TRAIN

THE Blue Train is a dream train
That flies to fairyland,
Where the sun calls and the South smiles
And waves a beckoning hand.

There are green slopes and clinging vines
And fig trees in a row,
And cliff-perched houses that peep down
On the lazy sea below.

There are red rocks and white sands
That glow in the golden air.
And the Blue Train says: "Just trust to me,
And I will take you there."

The last word in comfortable night travel—the Wagon-lits

3. THE SUD EXPRESS

I WEEP for you if you confess
You've never met the Sud Express.
It hurries on its path each day
Around the hills and far away,
Out of France into Spain
(Like the old rhyme) and back again.

Jump aboard at once, for it's
Sure to stop at Biarritz.
Or maybe St. Jean de Luz
Will delight you; don't refuse
To visit Hendaye, one joy more,
With its tamarisk-shaded shore.
Board the train and you will bless
The day you met the Sud Express.

. . . . . .

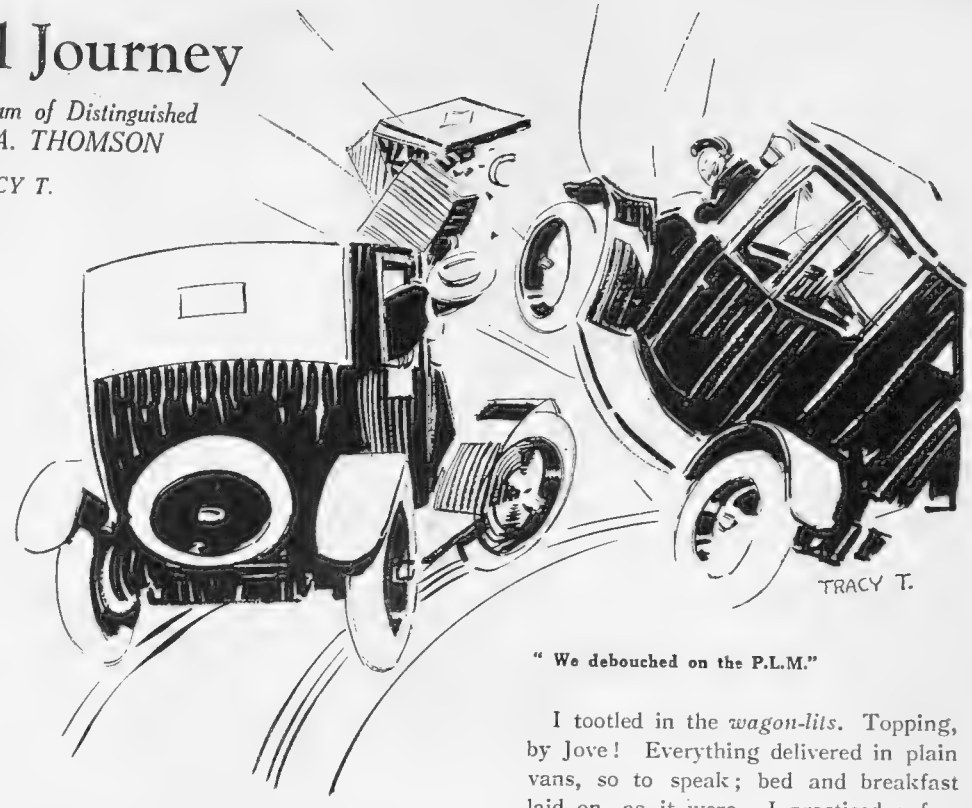
Now I am a grown-up boy
A train is still my fav'rite toy.

The "Train de Luxe" on the Sud Express

A Sentimental Journey

Being an Unauthentic Symposium of Distinguished Authors. Collected by A. A. THOMSON

Illustrations by TRACY T.



"We debouched on the P.L.M."

(1) "The Riviera Queen." By Lord Tennyson

IF you're waking, call me early, call me early, mother dear;
The Southern Railway I must take, *en route* for Dover Pier;
To-morrow'll be my happiest day; I feel that I could dance;
I'm off to the South of France, mother, I'm off to the South of France.

At Dover I must board the boat, the good ship *Isle of Thanet*,
And nothing can be nicer than a quiet crossing, can it?
And then I'll mount on Calais Quay, my short sea-journey o'er,
The train marked Golden Arrow on the railway labelled Nord.

So wake and call me early—never mind the morning showers——
For I must speed me southward to a land of sun and flowers.
I'm going away from fog and grime to where the air is pure;
I'm off to the Côte d'Azur, mother, I'm off to the Côte d'Azur.

(2) "Jeeves Sees It Through." By P. G. Wodehouse

"Jeeves," I said, as I placed a well and truly spatted foot upon the platform of the Gare du Nord, "take the train away, I've finished with it."

"Very good, sir," said Jeeves, always at his best in times of crisis.

Forty-seven blue-bloused Bolsheviks bore down upon the baggage.

"Jeeves," I exclaimed, "there are twenty-four evening shirts in that trunk. Defend them with your life."

"These," explained Jeeves, "are the railway porters. Foreigners, poor fellows. They will convey your baggage to the P.L.M. Station."

Jeeves led me out of the station. A leader of men, Jeeves. I mean, another chappie might have let me stay there all the bally night. Another member of the Third International approached us.

"Jeeves," I said, "will you introduce me to Comrade Whatnameski?"

"This," said Jeeves, "is your taxi-driver."

We mounted the Drosky of Death, and just as I came up for the third time we debouched on the P.L.M.

"Your train as per invoice, sir," said Jeeves. "Dinner will be served as soon as you start."

"Jeeves," I murmured, suppressing a shudder, "tell me the worst. Must I sleep in my evening trousers?"

"Certainly not, sir. I have laid out your Côte d'Azur silk pyjamas (with embroidered palm on pocket) in the *wagon-lits*."

"Did I believe it now? I did. I saw blue"

I tootled in the *wagon-lits*. Topping, by Jove! Everything delivered in plain vans, so to speak; bed and breakfast laid on, as it were. I practised a few approach-shots with the electric light bulb.

"Jeeves," I said, "wake me as we pass Monte Carlo."

(3) "Morning." By John Masefield

Wagon-lits on P.L.M. Express, direct from Paris,
Running through Avignon in the morning light.
Through the ripening maize-fields,
Past the glowing vine-slopes
With the Southern sunbeams, gleaming golden bright.

Old folk at cottage doors, blinking in the sunlight
While the train wheels murmur out a morning psalm;
Sing a song of sunshine,
Of oranges and lemons,
Of fig tree and olive grove and great green palm.

Train passing Tarascon—please look out for Tartarin!——
Golden air and sunlight bring a brighter day.
Step along the corridor
To the *wagon-restaurant*
For coffee-cups and *croissants* and *petit déjeuner*. . . .

(4) "On Seeing Blue." By G. K. Chesterton

As the train puffed out of Toulon I puffed likewise, and aroused myself in a world of blue; blue sea on my right, blue sky above, blue as the eyes of the goddess of the dawn, blue as the chin of an actor in Bedford Street; and as I stood in the corridor of the blue train, I fell into a blue study. With all a sceptic's cocksureness, I had never believed in

this blue world. Did I believe it now? I did. I saw blue.

Here (I said) are the little vines all strengthening in the sun—a sun high and holy, terrible as an army with banners, yet tender and caressing as a mother to her sleeping babe. Does a man (I said) gather figs from thistles or grapes from cocoa-nuts? No (I said), blowing my nose with a shattering reverberation that shook the train.

"*Garçon,*" I roared in a voice like a thousand thunderclaps, "bring me a beaker full of the warm south!"

"*Bien, m'sieur,*" returned the train-attendant; chivalrous as Charlemagne, and swift to obey, though not so agile in his movements as a man of my own figure. I dipped (as it were) my beak in the beaker and drank deep of the rich red wine that maketh glad the heart of man, and as I quaffed its glory and its bravery, I declaimed:

"Nebuchadnezzar, the King of the Jews,
Had quite new and original views;
He didn't spend all his days in bed,
For that is what makes a man see red.
'See the Azure Coast and banish your blues!'
Said Nebuchadnezzar, the King of the Jews."

I had looked on the wine when it was red and upon the sea when it was blue. I held the land of the palm in the palm of my hand. For this is the sacred mystery and paradox of the Côte d'Azur,

"Gentlemen prefer fronds"

that the nearer you get to the Blue Coast the further you get from the blues.

(5) "Nice Is Divine." By Anita Loos

So Dorothea and I arrived at Nice. I mean the train came into the station and Dorothea said: "Say, let's beat it for the hotel." So I found two French gentlemen who were porters, and they carried our trunks to a taxi and I gave them ten cents. And they made faces at us in French. So Dorothea said: "I guess those guys have got a pain in their map," but I knew it was because foreigners are not very refined.

So we came to the hotel, and Dorothea said: "Me for the eats." And we enjoyed our dinner, but a girl like I cannot be expected to enjoy her dinner as much as Dorothea, who is not very refined. And so next morning we went out on the promenade, where it was very, very hot and there was quite a lot of sea, which intreeged me because blue suits a girl like I. So Dorothea said: "Gee! but I'm just crazy to splash in that pond." So we undressed in the divinest little bathing tent, but I did not go in the water because I really think a wet bathing costume is so unrefined. So we met two American gentlemen. And one of the gentlemen, who was rather a funny gentleman, said: "Let's sit under a palm. And I said: "Why?" And he said: "Gentlemen prefer fronds." Really he was a very, very funny gentleman. I mean, Nice is divine.

A. A. T.

IN "OULD OIRELAND" *Poole, Waterford*

The Marchioness of Headfort in the garden of her charming home at Headfort, Co. Meath. She is the wife of the Marquess of Headfort, who is a Senator of the Irish Free State

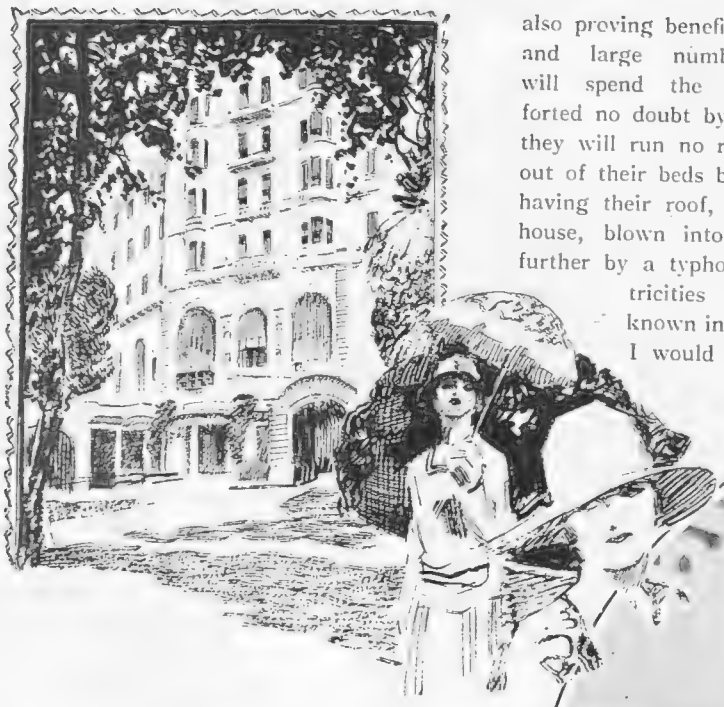
Is it all a "Blind"?

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

A DAY *OUT* OF THE SUN

Without wishing to appear cynical, we should like to ask just one question. Why is it that, after an expensive trip in search of sunshine, so many visitors to the Riviera spend the day protecting themselves from the sun when they get there?

Prospect of the Riviera Season



"B." H. Q.
The entrance to the Majestic Hotel at Nice. This was the Headquarters of the "Bystander" Staff during the preparation of this Special Riviera Number

THE Riviera habit seems to be quite as contagious as measles, but certainly much more pleasant. Every year it spreads further afield as the attractions of the climate and the social and sporting advantages get better known, and the idea of spending a pleasant winter by the blue Mediterranean, within twenty-four hours of London, sends throngs of sunshine-seekers to the South. This winter it seems certain that fresh records will be established, for the coal supply in England is still expensive, and—which is even worse—rationed, and there are already in residence on the Côte d'Azur countless families who have come abroad for that reason.

The dramatic collapse of the Florida boom is also proving beneficial to the Riviera, and large numbers of Americans will spend the season here, comforted no doubt by the knowledge that they will run no risk of being washed out of their beds by tidal waves, or of having their roof, or even their whole house, blown into the next street or further by a typhoon, for these eccentricities of Nature are unknown in the South of France. I would not go so far as to assert that the trans-Atlantic traffic has been largely increased by what is humorously known as Prohibition, but American visitors, enjoying the good wines of France with their meals over here, *have* been heard to remark that the Statue of Liberty which turns its back on the harbour of New York is permanently gazing in this direction, and they think they know why. Possibly.

Since last winter a thousand new villas and apartments and nearly a hundred new hotels have been erected between Hyères

NOVEMBER BATHING AT NICE

A.S.A.

and Menton, and yet the supply fails to meet the big demand. Gradually the whole coast is being covered with buildings, and the population steadily extends into the very beautiful country which lies at the foot of the Maritime Alps a few miles inland. The enormous sums being invested by the hotel industry in the district demonstrates in striking fashion the confidence felt in the continued development and prosperity of the Riviera, for these hotel magnates are men of experience and shrewd judgment.

Mr. Frank Jay Gould, for example, member of a family which has figured largely in financial history, and who spends a good deal of his time in his villa at Cannes, is a keen business man with whom business is a hobby. His opinion of the future of the Riviera is shown by the fact that in addition to controlling the Majestic Hotel at Nice—where Mr. Aletti directs affairs for him with conspicuous success—he is now building a large hotel at Juan-les-Pins, and is also financing the new Palais Venetien at Nice, an hotel on the most luxurious and original lines, with a casino attached, which is to cost 30,000,000 francs, and on which work is now proceeding. Mr. Henry Ruhl, one of the leading figures in the French hotel world, already has three big hotels in Cannes, the Carlton, the Majestic, and the Provence, and I hear rumours that he may shortly add a fourth. Mr. Martinez, the popular director of the Carlton in Paris, the Majestic in Grenoble, and the Ruhl at Nice, is shortly commencing the construction of a palatial hotel on the Croisette at Cannes, while many other first-class establishments are springing up at St. Raphael, Menton, and the resorts in between. These facts speak for themselves.

The Riviera casinos—those cosmopolitan social centres which play so large a part in the winter entertainments—have been overhauled in readiness for the crowds which are about to invade them in the gay search for fortune. At Monte Carlo a new system of heating and ventilation has been installed, and will doubtless be highly appreciated by those who have time to notice it, while the rooms have been entirely redecorated. At the Cannes casino the huge Restaurant des Ambassadeurs, which is never huge enough to hold all the guests who flock there on gala nights, is being enlarged and will be opened on December 1. The Casino Music-hall nearby has been practically rebuilt, and will reopen at the end of this month as a first-class variety theatre, with *baccarat* and *boule* rooms for the intervals, which are certain, and the dull turns, which are problematical.

The railway services from the north are better than ever, and the luxurious Blue Train from Calais started three weeks earlier than usual, another very significant fact, for railway companies do not run special trains unless there is a definite and profitable demand. Even the railway stations along the coast are being enlarged, the one at Nice being quite doubled in size.

The programme of sports and festivities is longer and perhaps more elaborate than ever. The Carnival at Nice, that mad, irresponsible spectacle which annually draws such enormous crowds from all parts of the world, is to be on a still bigger scale. When a few thousand people, dressed in every imaginable form of fancy costume and bubbling over with the Latin temperament, take to dancing in the streets and keeping up the revelry by night under an amazing blaze of illuminations, the sight is one well worth seeing, and the atmosphere of gaiety would be impossible to reproduce in England—especially, one might add, in winter-time!

Cannes will, of course, hold its Mimosa Fête and Battles of Flowers, and similar events are announced at Monte Carlo, Menton, Juan-les-Pins, St. Raphael and Hyères. Every motor owner—and the expression comprises the greater part of the Riviera visitors—will be interested in the Automobile Rally in January, when motorists from all parts of Europe will start for Monte Carlo, prizes to the extent of 130,000 francs being awarded under rules which have been much improved and simplified since last year.

The race programmes at Nice and Cannes are more ambitious than anything the South of France has yet seen. The prize money at Nice for the twelve days of steeplechasing and hurdles in January alone is no less than 1,373,250 francs,

IN THE FOOTHILLS *Ward Muir*

The Church of Magagnose as it is seen among the rich vineyards and verdant trees from the village itself. In the background the blue sea and the rugged Esterels provide the most picturesque of settings

A SCENE OF SEA-GIRT BEAUTY

A general view of Beaulieu, one of the prettiest of the smaller towns on the Riviera. The large building in the centre is the Hôtel Bristol

including a prize of 500,000 francs for the *Grand Prix de Nice*, to be run on January 16. Even at the present rate of exchange this race will come second in importance only to our Grand National, and a big entry is already assured.

At Cannes a ten days' race meeting is announced, with an increased prize list, but I hear there is a possibility of other days being added, and on this point an official announcement will doubtless be made shortly.

As for tennis and polo, they deserve a special article all to themselves, so largely do they enter into our scheme of winter recreations. The long series of international tournaments will, as usual, attract all the leading tennis amateurs of the day, and if we shall miss the accustomed spectacle of Susanne Lenglen, surrounded by Press photographers, disposing with acrobatic agility of courageous "rabbits," nevertheless we may count on many thrilling and amusing hours in the sunshine on the hundreds of courts along the coast.

Ward Muir

A CORNER IN VENCE

The *Place* at Vence where sunlight and shadow intermingle between the narrow, tortuous streets of this quaint old town. Vence lies in the hills behind Nice

Regular winter residents have been arriving for many weeks past, foremost among them being the Duke of Connaught, who arrived, accompanied by his good friend Major Berkeley Levett, in the last week of October, a thing he has never done before. Probably he was impatient to see the alterations which have been carried out at his villa on Cap Ferrat during the summer. A small wing has been added, and the whole has been painted in a most delicate pink shade and looks much more attractive than it did. The extra accommodation will be useful this winter, as the Duke is hoping to entertain Lady Patricia Ramsay and her little son, and probably other relatives, and for a Royal residence Les Bruyères had very little spare room for guests. H.R.H. has new neighbours this year, the adjoining Villa Graziella having been purchased by Sir William and Lady Mills, the former famous as the inventor of the Mills bomb.

Sir Harry and Lady Samuel are at the Metropole at Monte Carlo, Sir Cosmo and Lady Bonsor are at the Hermitage at Nice, and the Duchess of Leeds was another of the many early arrivals. At Cannes among the first to return, as usual, were Admiral Lord Wester Wemyss, Lady Wester Wemyss, and their daughter, Sir Francis and Lady Elliot, the Hon. Sir Alan Johnstone, Lady Yule—who has done so much for the local society for the prevention of cruelty to animals—and the Grand Duke Michel and Countess Torby. Sir Herbert Dering, who was for five years the British Minister to Roumania, is staying with Lady Dering at the Majestic at Cannes, and the Earl of Derby is coming to stay at the Beau-Site Hotel this month to inspect the final touches to the villa which he bought from Mrs. Ernest McKenna last spring. Mr. W. J. Locke and Miss Sheila Locke have returned from Rome to join Mrs. Locke at Les Arcades, and so many friends have assured the novelist that his latest work, "The Old Bridge," is the most delightful book he has written since "The Beloved Vagabond," that I think he is beginning to feel sure it must be.

Our local literary colony grows yearly, and Mr. Valentine Williams has now secured a home in Cannes, with a writing-room so near to the sea that he told a friend recently that if he split an infinitive half fell into the Mediterranean! Mr. H. G. Wells is also expected to spend more of his time in the neighbourhood, as he has bought a villa not far from Grasse. The absence of snow, fog and severe frosts, the possibility of leading a peaceful life when desired, and the abundance of amusements and facilities for out-door sports during the winter months have made the French Riviera the most popular and fashionable resort in Europe, and if there are people who regret the old days, when the population was very small and the cost of living much less than it now is, there are others who appreciate to the full the improved roads, sanitation, means of transport, and all the modern attractions which the local municipalities and hotel proprietors have provided for the pleasure-seekers and those who cannot face the rigours of a northern winter. The prospects of the coming season are certainly brilliant.

DOUGLAS W. THORBURN.

Highland Games in Full Swing

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

Superstitious old denizen of Ross-shire endeavouring to imbue his saxpence with good luck before banging it at Monte Carlo

FAMOUS SPORTING CLUBS OF THE WORLD

A Test Match "Down Under

MELBOURNE CRICKET CLUB

The first inter-State match in Australia was played at Melbourne in 1856, and the Melbourne Club shares the distinction of having been one of the two earliest cricket clubs formed in Victoria. To-day it can boast a membership of from five to six thousand and there is always a long waiting list. These are brave figures for a country of Australia's population. In 1881 King George—then Duke of York—laid the foundation stone of the Melbourne Cricket Club's pavilion, and he is a life member of the club.

The Melbourne Cricket Club occupies its ground under trustees appointed by Parliament. The ground is one of the finest in the world; 239,175 people watched the 1924-5 Test Match at Melbourne, the highest attendance ever known at a cricket match.

The Melbourne wicket is famous for its "ever lasting" quality in dry weather—it is a batsman's paradise then. But after rain and under hot sunshine, the Melbourne wicket is the most popular of any—amongst bowlers!

The Melbourne Club's score board is colossal and reveals the state of the game at a glance. It was at Melbourne that an English cricket captain—rather fond of keeping himself on after his bowling had been worn down—received a hint from barrackers. This English captain was bowling with his back to the score board when a voice from the crowd called out, "Why don't you go on at the other end, mate; you'll see your analysis then!"

The Melbourne Club is the only one in all Australia which arranges for mid-week cricket matches.

Since 1627 the Clubman's Whisky, chosen for its unswervingly high standard of quality, has been John Haig.

By Appointment.

John Haig

THE FATHER OF ALL SCOTCH WHISKIES

ESTABLISHED 1627

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BON MOT-IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

"MR. COOK," said a Labour journal last week, "is certain of a place in heaven." Well, he certainly has no "earthly" here.

. . . .

TO-DAY'S rumination: Why is it that so many of the lower classes are down on their "uppers"?

. . . . . .

ASTRONOMERS are disappointed because they got no signals from the Martians. Mars, in fact, is only a star turn with comedians.

. . .

A CONTEMPORARY shudders to think of the consequences if Signor Mussolini had been assassinated. Luckily, now there is only the Duce to pay.

. . . .

SPENDING this gloomy month in England makes us sadly envious of those Swiss winter sporters. A Mürren on them!

. . . .

A CONTRIBUTOR propounds this problem: "Why didn't the Ladies' Mile?" A dentist acquaintance of ours surmises it was because she had a Rotten Row.

. . .

BOBBY wants to know how dogs communicate with one another. We suppose they must have some system of wire-haired telegraphy.

. . .

Two old ladies narrowly escaped asphyxiation in their baths. But the headline "Get Rid of Old Geysers" was ungallant.

"WHY do you spend such a lot of time in that manicure establishment?"

"Because there's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we may."

. . . . . .

CERTAIN dealers are annoyed with a motor combine. They regard the latter as the Stormy Petrol of the industry.

. . . . . .

A NEW safety grate has been placed on the market. We suppose it is just another of those Fuel Proof inventions.

. . . . . .

A WRITER declares there is too much flirting at our Universities.

Well, what of this?
I don't complain:
'Tis sweet to kiss,
And come again.

As Shakespeare blithely wrote (or didn't he?), "Sweet are the uses of a Varsity"!

. . . . . .

"JOAN looks positively ashen."

"Well, dear, she's always been beyond the pale."

STAGE SILHOUETTES

(Miss Anita Loos.)

In repartee or jeu d'esprit
You shine, a fascinating creeta;
And rarely there's appealed to me
A neater wit than yours, Anita.

. . . . . .

FIRST LOAFER: "You look tired, Bill."

SECOND DITTO: "Tired! I'm that worn out that when I get 'ome I've barely strength enough to fill in my football coupons."

. . . .

THE MUSTARD CLUB

This Club isn't new.
I believe it is true
It existed when flourished Queen Bessie;
And its ancestors fought
Somewhere near Agincourt,
And were certainly mustard at Crécy.

. . . . . .

A LADY who wanted to be a blonde has sued a hairdresser because of the inefficacy of the dye supplied. Her counsel omitted to say that it was a bleach of promise action.

. . . . .

"WHY have peppermints gone out of favour?" asks a contemporary. We should imagine it is because they are sweet and low.

. . . . .

WE read that coughs are more prevalent now than ever. With some of us it is only when the doctor asks for his fee that we can't cough it up.

. . . .

WE understand that the attack of a certain dry-Salter on the drinking habits of certain M.P.s is considered a nasty knock at the Dine-Hards of the House.

. . . .

IN a recent fight that occurred between two rival race gangs axes were used. That seems an altogether deplorable method of burying the hatchet.

. . . .

WHILE letting off fireworks on Guy Fawkes Day a small boy injured a neighbour's cat. The lad's father, the poor old guy, forks out as usual.

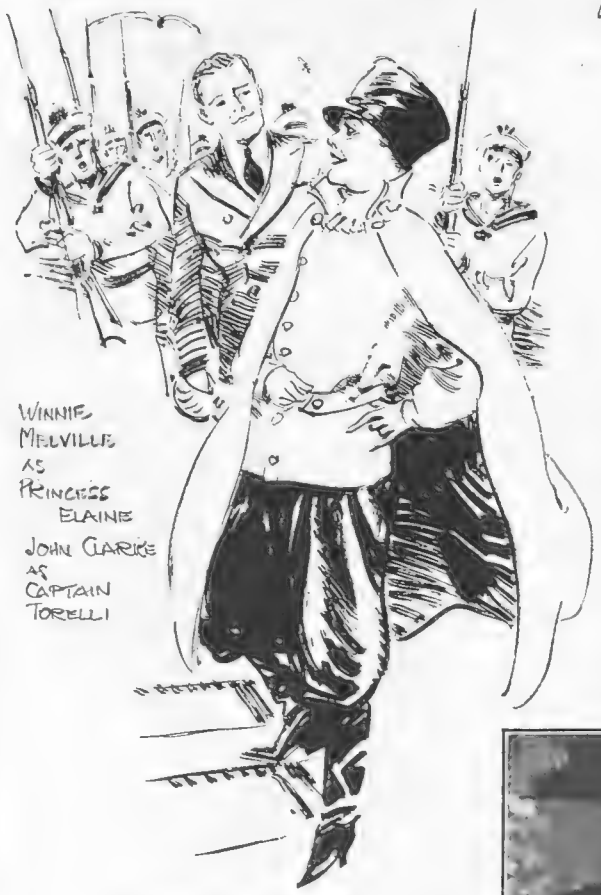
. . . .

A GERMAN recently drank eight bottles of champagne for a bet. His feat reads like a sequel to the last of the Moet cans.

BY STARR WOOD

A FOOT-LING SUGGESTION

"My daughter here has a very pretty foot, so I thought you might like to make a bust of it"



"Princess Charming" at the Palace Theatre

Produced October 21, 1926

By "JINGLE"

Illustrations by MACMICHAEL

I THINK what impressed me most about this "Romance with Music" is its extraordinary efficiency. Everything is done so thoroughly well. The fanciful story is as coherent as it need be for this class of entertainment, while the acting is well above the average in such cases. A leading asset of the company is Mr. W. H. Berry, who is probably the best singer of comic songs that we have on the stage to-day. His name in the play is Albert Chuff, and he is an agent for the Colossal Assurance Company. His first song, on the clear advantages accruing from a regular contribution of ninepence a week, is a rollicking piece of nonsense most delightfully rendered. Towards the end of the evening Mr. Berry deals with the highly complicated problem of the Middle-aged Man, who has, it appears, reached the Dangerous period of his career. The song which, by the way, is extremely well-written, is uproariously funny, and is deservedly encored again and again until there are no more verses in stock.

THE story of the play deals with Princess Elaine of Novia, who is affianced to King Christian of Sylvania, and that is, of course, as romantic a theme as the most exacting lady could desire. As the curtain rises it at once becomes abundantly clear that there is acute domestic trouble in Novia. The People, prompted as usual by Moscow, have risen against the reigning House, and are throwing high explosives about with a reckless disregard for other people's comfort. It chanced that Captain Torelli, of his Sylvanian Majesty's ship "Fire-Eater," was in the harbour, and the gallant officer has personally rescued the Princess and brought her to the Sylvanian Embassy in Novia.

Guttenberg, Ltd.

THE LADY OF THE FAN

Wanda Navaro (Alice Delysia) photographed in a graceful poise in a garden setting. Wanda does not mince matters in trying to attract the opposite sex as is shown by the somewhat plain spoken title of her song, "I want you"

He is not at first aware of the identity of his distinguished charge. He takes her for just a jolly little flapper (there are so many of her kind about just now), and starts the casual flirtation that you expect from the sailor-man in every port. When he finds that his flapper is the bride-to-be of a King, he is naturally very apologetic, but already the tiny seed of love has been sown in the garden of his heart, as the song says, and in hers as well. The two are, in fact, in Love. Elaine resigns herself to her future lot, and sings about the "Country of Come-what-May," a charming reference to her future home in Sylvania. This part is played very daintily by Miss Winnie Melville, who has the sweet kind of voice best calculated to fit in with delicate romance.

THEN Lieut. Ivanoff, the leader of the rebels, bursts into the Sylvanian Embassy—contrary, I believe, to diplomatic usage—and demands that the Princess Elaine, who is being sheltered there, shall be delivered up to him and his unwashed desperadoes. We observe that Ivanoff wears upon the sleeve of his uniform the sign of the Hammer and Sickle (they have apparently overlooked the Knuckleduster), from which we infer that he is a humble disciple of Lenin, whose humility, however, is not so obtrusive that you would notice it. Then Albert Chuff, the insurance agent, has a brain-wave. His interest in the matter is that his company has insured the safe arrival of the Princess in Sylvania against a forfeit of fifty thousand pounds, and even an insurance company has not got money to burn. Mr. Chuff's idea is that Elaine shall be married to a Sylvanian subject *pro tem*, the marriage being dissolved on her arrival to meet the royal bridegroom. The idea is at once carried out, Captain Torelli being the happy man—*pro tem*. Mr. Chug is very particular about the *pro tem*.

WE are then taken to the fair land of Sylvania, where we are admitted to the Throne Room of the

W.H. BERRY AS CHUFF
ALICE DELYSIA AS WANDA

A ROYAL GREETING *Guttenberg, Ltd.*

Captain Torelli (John Clarke) of the battle-cruiser "Fire-Eater" finds the encounters of Peace more dangerous than those of War! To "Princess Charming" (Winnie Melville) the subjugation of mankind is "too easy"

royal palace, a glittering, shimmering scene of light and loveliness. The King (Mr. Grossmith) would appear to be a disciple of Old Rowley, and on the eve of his marriage he takes leave, with due formality, of a number of extremely nice girls who used to be very dear—not to say expensive—to him. In the course of his touching farewell he sings a playful little song to the effect that he will always be good on Sunday, but will probably begin to waver a bit as the week goes on. Then His Majesty learns of the marriage (*pro tem*) of his bride at the Novian Embassy, and naturally does a good deal of hard thinking. The union must, of course, be dissolved, but with these marriages (*pro tem*) you never know, you know.

GEORGE GROSSMITH AS THE KING
ALICE DELYSIA AS WANDA

By this time, however, Torelli and Elaine are so much in love with each other that nothing else matters. So in a scene that thrills with lovely excitement, Torelli helps Elaine, by an ingenious ruse, to escape from the royal palace, almost under the very eyes of the King himself. It is all most admirably done. In this scene Mlle. Delysia sings, as though from her heart, "I Want a Man." It seems that, in spite of Female Suffrage and the Eton crop, we are still good for something, especially on quarter days and winter nights. Delysia has clearly no sympathy with the alleged man-hating bachelor-girl. Indeed, when she hears that after their escape from the royal palace, their marriage having been dissolved, Torelli and Elaine occupy separate compartments for the night she wants to know why. Mlle.'s jokes are on the liberal side, but they are clearly to the taste of the house, which shouts its approval whole-heartedly.

ALICE DELYSIA AS WANDA

Then we have to consider the fair Alice Delysia, who first of all announces herself as Wanda Navaro, a Polish princess. It happens, however, that Mr. Chuff, the insurance man, recognises her as a well-known public dancer, as he was once called upon to insure the lady's chief commercial assets—that is to say, her legs. Wanda is therefore revealed to us as an amiable adventuress who takes a great interest in the loves of Elaine and Torelli for reasons of her own. In short, she rather fancies the King for herself. So she drops hints to His Majesty that the young people on the homeward voyage used to stand on the bridge at midnight, gazing hour after hour at the star-lit firmament, and if the gallant Captain did not seize his chance, he must have had only a rudimentary idea of a sailor's job.

Mr. John Clarke makes the part of Captain Torelli extremely interesting, and his duets with Miss Melville are in the approved style of musical romance. A stirring song and chorus entitled "Swords and Sabres" is rendered by Mr. Clarke and a full-blooded chorus of marines, who at a given signal flash all their sabres bare, as the poet said. Mr. Grossmith, who looks as if he had swallowed a poker, walks through the play with royal rigidity and, of course, eternal youth. *Princess Charming* must be the perfect example of musical comedy.

W.H WITH BERET

ARGENTI DE SALES IN SPECIAL DANCES

Jingle.

A Daughter of the Service

BY STAN TERRY

FAIR CRITIC: "Do you believe she really is the daughter of a General?"
UNFAIR CRITIC: "Quite possibly. The question is—what was her father?"

TRITONS & MINNOWS

The Big Fish and the Little Fish of the Gaming Tables at Monte Carlo

By "X"

Illustrations by WILTON WILLIAMS

IT is difficult to deal with the gaming tables of Monte Carlo in the columns of a popular journal, the subject being as many-sided as human nature itself. Is one to cater for the confirmed gambler with his system and his *mille* plaques to the exclusion of the lesser fry who open banks for the humble *louis*, or hazard ten-franc counters in the public salon which is the very kindergarten of the gambler's art? Do we concern ourselves with these Tritons that move in the deep waters of finance or with those jolly Minnows that disport themselves in the less dangerous shallows?

HERE is no question of class distinction. It is a common thing to meet a millionaire whose maximum stake does not exceed five shillings in English money, while the professional punter, waging relentless war with the Casino, is often the sort of person who would be looked at askance by the secretary of a suburban golf course. Yet a moment's inspection will soon convince the most casual observer that all *habitués* of all casinos have much in common. In other words:

> The Colonel's lady
> And Judy O'Grady
> Are sisters under their skins!

And so it is quite immaterial whether we talk in tens or in tens of thousands. The same gambling itch is there—the same age-old instinct to get something for nothing, and to get it as quickly and easily as may be.

ONE casino is very like another except in the matter of tradition; in which respect Monte Carlo is easily in the van. You can win all the money you want at Cannes, but tennis is the especial lure of that particular resort. There are casinos at Nice and Menton, but these are rather incidental to the varied attractions of those popular centres. Monte Carlo under the old régime specialised almost entirely in gambling, and during those hectic years a tradition was born that still sheds a peculiar glamour upon the principality. It is true that the successor of M. Camille Blanc has laboured strenuously to dissipate the impression that Monte Carlo is a Casino and nothing more. During the past two or three years money has been spent like water on general improvements, to the very great satisfaction of English visitors. The golf course at Mont Agel has been improved out of all recognition. The bathing facilities have been increased, and tennis is by way of becoming a staple industry of the place. Music and dancing have been encouraged, and no effort has been spared to put gambling in its proper place—one of many indispensable attractions.

YET tradition dies hard, and when we speak of Monte Carlo we think of those titanic struggles that have been waged between the Casino and the great punters of the past. We recall tremendous bouts between calm, unruffled croupiers and super-optimists intent on breaking the bank at all costs. We speak in terms of systems and of syndicates. Our impressions of the place are still crystallised in the artless lyric that Charles Coburn has sung through so many decades:

> You should hear them sigh and wish to die;
> You should see them wink the other eye
> At the man who broke the Bank at Monte Carlo!

And so, when the famous Rock comes into view, and as we climb from the little

"As we climb from the little station to the green lawns"

station to the green lawns, the multi-coloured flower-beds and the magnificent hotels that are Monte Carlo, we are still obsessed by the strange, romantic glamour that surrounds the shrine of the Goddess Chance.

IF I were the presiding genius of the Société Anonyme des Bains de Mer I should be well satisfied that this tradition should still persist. These are days of strenuous competition, and the pleasure resort that can claim some special characteristic is fortunate indeed. In a theatrical venture it is the proper function of the "star" to attract the public, while a good all-round company assists in the consolidation of the success. In like manner we are attracted to Monte Carlo by the Casino, but we appreciate the efforts of M. René Leon to entertain us in other directions once we are safely installed.

SINCE the world began the human race has always been engaged upon some quest that has held its collective imagination in thrall. The ancients were concerned with the golden apples of the Garden of the Hesperides, King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table sought the Holy Grail. Modern adventurers travel south in the Blue Train in the hope that they will discover the system that is to bring about the undoing of the Casino at Monte Carlo.

IS it possible for such a system to exist? The Hon. S. R. Beresford, who has told the "inside" story of the place, devotes many pages to the many organised attempts that have been made to break the Bank. While admitting that no such system is infallible, he, nevertheless, encourages the reader in the belief that such efforts are certainly worth while. For the "Beresford" system he claims that given sufficient capital and sufficient players it is utterly impossible to lose much money over any considerable period, while occasions offer to win very heavily. This is a modest enough claim, but the punter receives still greater encouragement from a consideration of the activities of Mr. Joe Owers, described as the "Trente et Quarante King," whose activities come in for special mention.

By H. M. Talintyre

IN THE DARK!

Host: "Morning, Old Chap! Had a comfortable night?"
Overnight Visitor: "Dunno! I've been asleep all the time!"

ACCORDING to Mr. Beresford, the three greatest players that Monte Carlo has ever known are Garcia, who was lucky; Darnborough, who was volcanic, and Owers, who is brainy and relentlessly unemotional. "Of the three," says the author, "Mr. Owers's performances stand out alone, for sensational and wonderful in his virility as Darnborough was, his winning experience covered only a short period of time, whereas Mr. Owers has already been at the wicket since 1908. Darnborough won his money in a few months of nerve-racking hand-to-hand encounter. The struggle between that gentleman and the bank was terrific while it lasted, but, comparatively speaking, it was only a one-round affair. Nothing in any way approaching Mr. Owers's record has ever been registered at Monte Carlo; he is pre-eminent among high players both as to technique and workmanship."

I HAVE been careful to quote the above opinion from "Beresford's Monte Carlo," because my personal acquaintanceship with the romantic personality concerned is confined to an English golf course rather than to a foreign gaming table. Quiet and unassuming to a degree, he has never mentioned his sensational successes in my presence and, for that reason, it gives me the greater pleasure to quote this final estimate of so unusual a personality: "Curiously enough, Mr. Owers, notwithstanding his success, is popular with the authorities at Monte Carlo. They like his personality and they admire his *esprit*. It must have been his counterpart who inspired Ella Wheeler Wilcox to write of the 'man worth while.' If these two never met, they should have done so, in justice to the man!"

SO much for the Tritons. With the Minnows of Monte Carlo we are all well acquainted. At the Chemin de Fer table we have seen them pass the "shoe" with ill-concealed triumph or ill-concealed chagrin. We have followed their zig-zag careers at roulette and derived no little entertainment from their varying fortunes. The little gambler is on the increase at Monte Carlo, for the popularity of the summer season has brought ever-growing battalions of pilgrims to the shrine of the Goddess Chance, and with the franc at its present figure the maximum of excitement may be secured at the minimum of risk. Until human nature undergoes some strange sea-change the gambling instinct will remain and the splendidly conducted Casino at Monte Carlo will hold its own in the face of all opposition.

"X."

The Charm of the Riviera's Quiet By-ways

A TYPICAL "STREET" IN ROQUEBRUNE

AN AGED DWELLER IN ANCIENT LA TURBIE

Photographs *A. S. A.*

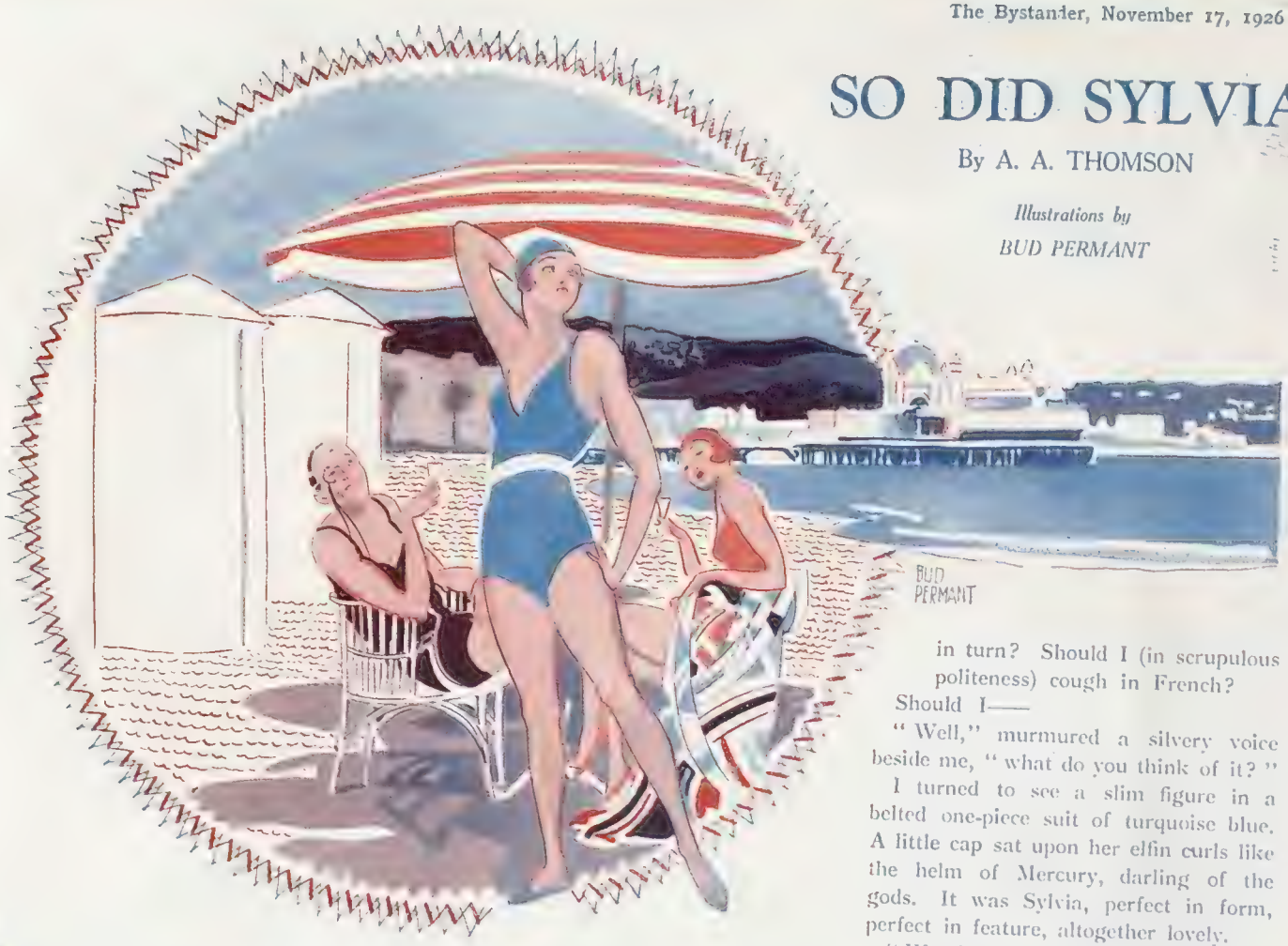
A PICTURESQUE CORNER OF VILLEFRANCHE HARBOUR

The lover of the old and picturesque will find a wealth of quiet beauty hidden away in the native quarters of many a Riviera town and village. Far from the madding crowd, the old streets and buildings dream peacefully on through the centuries regardless of the scenes of gaiety and splendour enacted so near their site

SO DID SYLVIA

By A. A. THOMSON

Illustrations by
BUD PERMANT



I HAD said *au revoir* to Sylvia in the hall of the Hôtel Majestic at Nice. I was to meet her on the *plage* in half an hour's time. The Côte d'Azur is at all times within measurable distance of perfection. When Sylvia is there complete perfection is achieved. I sauntered along the Promenade des Anglais, wondering what I had done to enjoy such beauties . . . beauties of sea and sky and Sylvia. There's no joy like the joy of one's first peep at Paradise. Even St. Peter, who has lived there for some time, must, I fancy, occasionally long to catch again the first fine rapture of his earliest glimpse of the pearly gate. I walked down stone steps to the shingly beach, where a tideless sea, blue as my Sylvia's eyes, lapped lazily against the smooth white stones. Ahead, across the bold sweeping curve of the blue bay, I saw green hills dotted with red-tiled villas. Green, red, white . . . standing out like the freshly-painted scenery of some wonderful toy theatre.

Like the pitched encampment of some army of Romance stood the bathing tents, line upon line of gay pavilions. I took my ticket from the bathing attendant, a gentleman who wore a copper-coloured skin, white flannel trousers, and a large sun hat. A modish and delightful *ensemble*, I thought. A few minutes later I came out from my tent wearing my own modest costume. Where should I find Sylvia? She was not in the sea. She was not under the line of vivid orange sun umbrellas which overspread the little tables where fair women and brave men sipped their orangeade. She was, presumably, in one of the sixty-seven bathing tents behind me. But which? It is a delicate (or possibly indelicate) matter to rap on the door of a cylindrical bathing tent. Should I cough outside each one in turn? Should I (in scrupulous politeness) cough in French? Should I——

"Well," murmured a silvery voice beside me, "what do you think of it?"

I turned to see a slim figure in a belted one-piece suit of turquoise blue. A little cap sat upon her elfin curls like the helm of Mercury, darling of the gods. It was Sylvia, perfect in form, perfect in feature, altogether lovely.

"Wonderful," I breathed fervently.

"Yes, isn't it?"

"The sunlight," I rhapsodised, "the palm trees, the green-shuttered houses on the hill——"

"I meant my new bathing costume," pouted Sylvia.

"That," I affirmed, recovering myself quickly, "is beyond perfection. On the Promenade sixteen gentlemen offered to

(Continued on page 569)

"I took my ticket from the bathing attendant"

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"She was, presumably, in one of the sixty-seven bathing tents"

sell me anti-glare glasses. If I'd known how dazzlingly beautiful you were going to be, I might have——"

"Rather feeble," laughed Sylvia. "Now I am going to bathe. Bring me a deck-chair."

"A deck-chair?" I demurred, puzzled. "I always thought that, except possibly a billiard-table, a deck-chair was the one thing a lady did *not* take with her when she was swimming the Channel. An awkward thing to manœuvre in the water, I'm sure."

"Who's going into the water?" demanded Sylvia.

"My mistake," I apologised. "I wouldn't have ordered this nice blue sea, regardless of expense, if I'd thought you wouldn't want it. It will be a pity to send it back unused."

"Don't be silly. Get two deck-chairs and some orangeade."

"My darling," I protested, "I love you, but no power on earth will induce me to bathe in orangeade."

"We're going to bathe in the sun," cried Sylvia. "That great golden football thing up there. You've never seen one before, have you?"

I procured two deck-chairs and we bathed. We bathed in the sun. It smiled upon us and wooed us with the warm caresses of a lover.

"It hardly seems fair," sighed Sylvia contentedly, "for us to have all this sunshine to ourselves. It . . . it ought to be rationed."

"No," I said firmly. "We are in heaven and the whole point of heaven lies in knowing that the other people are outside."

"Poor dears!"

"For us the palm trees," I went on, "for them the aspidistras. For us the blue water and the golden air; for them the mud and the motor 'buses and the tax-collectors and the influenza germs. . . . But a truce to this, Sylvia; I love you."

"Sorry I haven't time to love you back. I'm too busy loving the lazy sea and the green hills and the bougainvillæa blossom and . . . Oh, look! What a lovely boat!"

A curious, gaily-painted canoe, unoccupied, was floating idly on the edge of the lapping water.

"Couldn't we jump in?" begged Sylvia. "It's for the use of the bathers, you know."

I signed to the copper-coloured bathing attendant.

"*Pouvons-nous?*" I asked, "get into your jolly old *bateau?*"

"*Mais certainement, m'sieur,*" replied that accommodating functionary.

We stepped lightly aboard. Two or three strokes of the gaily-hued paddles sent us out on to the softly swaying surface of the Mediterranean. So might a fairy cradle rock, swung by gossamer threads.

"Sylvia," I repeated again, "I love you. I——"

"Oh! please don't bother me. For once in my little life I have gained perfect happiness, a million miles from fog and cold and maiden aunts and ladders in stockings and——"

"Girl," I hissed, "I am a cave man. If you do not promise to marry me I will seize you and hurl you into the sea."

"What?" gasped Sylvia in terror. "And wet my bathing costume?"

"Soak it," I retorted brutally, "I am that kind of man."

"Then," she said bravely, "I will marry you. I'd rather——"

"You will?"

I jumped for joy. So did the boat. I shot into the Mediterranean. So did Sylvia!!

A. A. T.

"I shot into the Mediterranean. So did Sylvia"

Wherever you see a lot of Cars – you see a lot of DUNLOP Tyres

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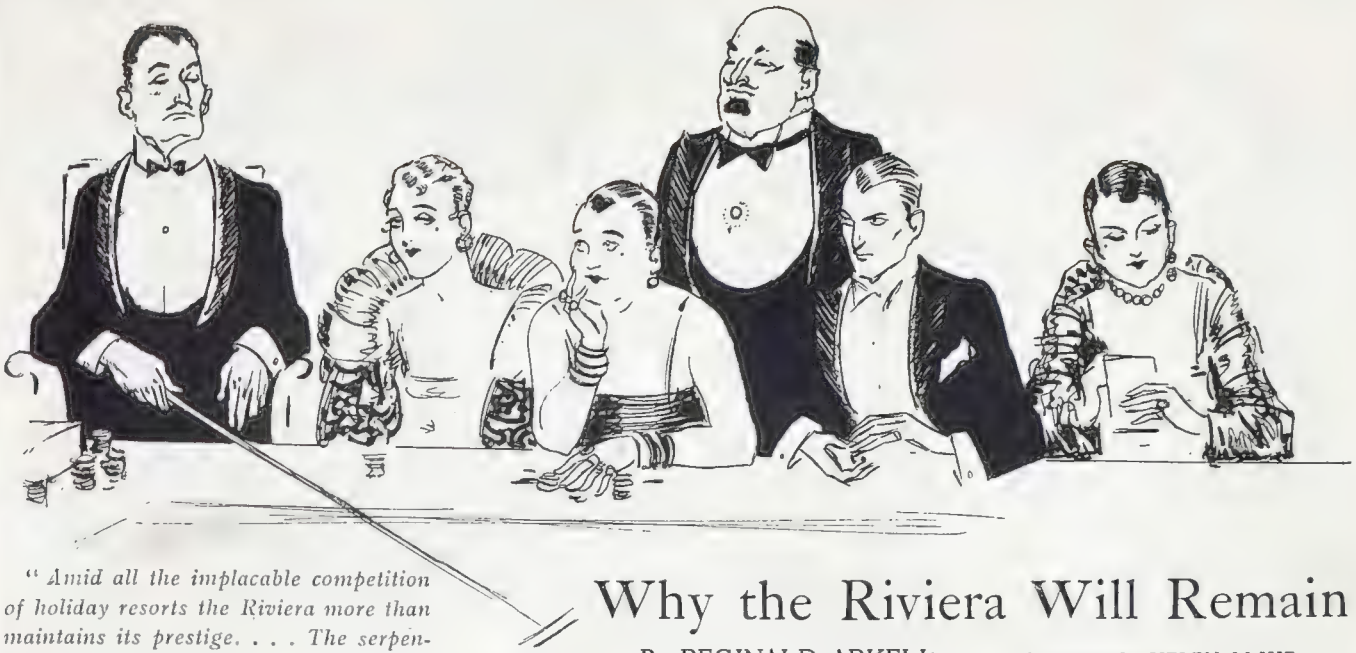


Why the Riviera Will Remain

By REGINALD ARKELL *Illustrations by HELEN McKIE*

"Amid all the implacable competition of holiday resorts the Riviera more than maintains its prestige. . . . The serpentine string of pearls continues to glitter more and more brightly. And you continue to go South."

ARNOLD BENNETT.

WILL the Riviera remain? In the sentence quoted above Arnold Bennett has answered, and answered convincingly, a question that most of us have asked ourselves during the past twenty years. We have seen the tide of Fashion ebb and flow, until it has seemed impossible that any one pleasure resort could hold the permanent affections of our fickle holiday crowds. We marvelled at the decline of Trouville when the late M. Cornuché, like a modern Pied Piper, whistled us across the water to Deauville. We have known for some little time that a second Deauville is in course of erection farther down the coast at La Baule. We have seen Le Touquet blossoming out as a pleasure resort of the first class, and the popularity of the Lido has been in the nature of a modern phenomenon. Yet, in spite of all this competition, the Riviera goes on from strength to strength, the wonder of its admirers and the despair of those rival impresarios who are jealous of its success. And we ask ourselves: Will the Riviera remain?

THE question is not to be answered in a sudden burst of easy enthusiasm. Popularity is a very unstable thing and may be raised, a glittering edifice, on very doubtful foundations. How do the enemies of the Riviera argue? They say that Monte Carlo is a nest of birds of prey; that the Mistral blows keenly, and that when it rains—it rains. They harp upon these conventional objections, and imagine that they have established an overwhelming case for the decline and fall of the beautiful Côte d'Azur.

WHAT nonsense! Unlike Deauville, unlike the Lido and unlike a dozen mushroom haunts of fickle Fashion, the popularity of the Riviera rests on solid foundations. Here is no bare *plage* where fashionable folk crowd for a couple of seasons, braving all sorts of discomforts with the sole object of meeting their fellows. My happiest hours upon this golden coast have been spent when I had the place practically to myself. I have visited it at every unfashionable season, and I have arrived at the settled conclusion that its visitors are, if I may say so without offence, its least attractive feature. Not that one ever meets with undesirable elements at Monte Carlo, which possesses, in certain quarters, a lurid reputation entirely undeserved. The fascinating little principality of Monaco is the best conducted State in the world; and the famous Casino is by no means the only lodestone that draws cos-

CANNES

mopolitan crowds to this natural beauty spot. The reason for this is fairly obvious. The man who wishes to spend all his waking hours at the baccarat table need never go so far afield as Monte Carlo. The croupiers at Boulogne or Dieppe are always ready and anxious to cope with a contingency of that sort. If it is merely their money that you want, you need travel no farther than Deauville or Le Touquet. For that matter, you can lose a fortune at Aintree or Newmarket without going out of England.

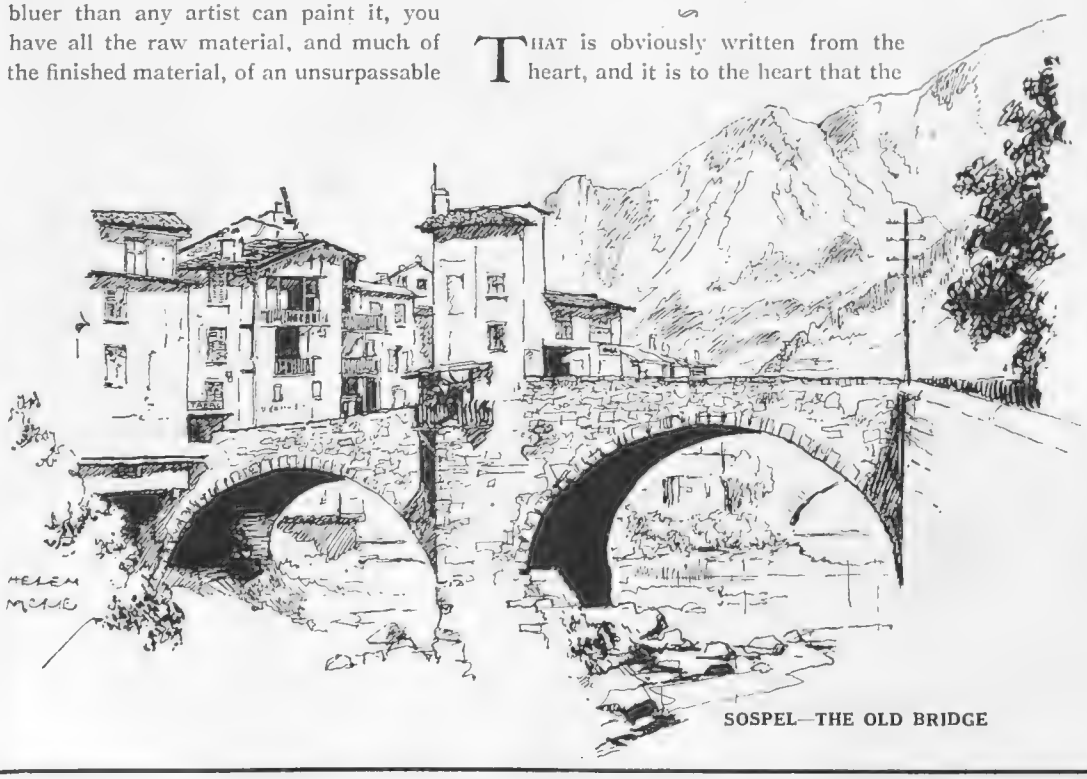
THE lasting popularity of the Riviera—and that it *is* a lasting popularity I make no doubt—is based on its wonderful climate, its unrivalled position, its natural beauties and its infinite variety. The fact that it happens to possess half a dozen casinos is merely an incident of no particular importance. Its hotels would still fill to overflowing even though its gaming tables were closed. This is a bold statement, but I believe it to be true, and it explains the permanency of the irresistible appeal exercised by this romantic coast.

BORDIGHERA

LEST you think I exaggerate, let me quote once more the distinguished author whose words may carry greater weight than mine: "The Mediterranean has been the home of pleasure for centuries," says Mr. Arnold Bennett, "simply because of its natural advantages. When you have variegated and sublime scenery, equable winter temperature, cataracts of sunshine, and a sea that is bluer than any artist can paint it, you have all the raw material, and much of the finished material, of an unsurpassable winter pleasure resort. Heaven has begun the work, and one may say that the modern makers of the Riviera have completed it. . . . It is the best substitute for Paradise or Eden available for seekers after such places, and anyhow the real Paradise cannot be reached without a far longer and more terrifying journey than that which separates Calais from Nice."

THAT is obviously written from the heart, and it is to the heart that the Côte d'Azur makes its irresistible appeal. The Riviera is a romantic spot, and Romance springs from the heart rather than from the pocket or the brain. The mind is a scrapbook in which we paste those pictures that are our happy memories. What are the pictures that we carry away from the Riviera? A Casino? A crowd of idlers on the Croisette or the Promenade des Anglais? I fancy not. Rather, a vision of blue sea with its infinite depth of colour. The anchorage at Villefranche; Hyères with its aloe trees and the sun setting on the little harbour of St. Tropez. The palms growing on the very shore at Bandol; the Roman ruins at Fréjus; and the coloured rocks of Le Trayas. We who know the coast will take pleasure in recalling the cypresses of St. Cassien; the view of Antibes from La Salis.

TAKING all the modern coast cities for granted, we can provide a mental background of old towns set in those older hills that are the Alpes Maritimes. We recall the arena of Cimiez; the Augustan Tower of La Turbie, and the rocky promontory of Eze. In imagination we wander beneath the palms of Beaulieu; climb the abrupt slopes of Roquebrune, and take in the glorious vistas of Nice and Bordighera from Cap Martin. And there yet remain the old church of Castellar; the bridge of Sospel, and the giddy climb to Piera Cava, where one may stand among the snows and consider below the golden land on which the frost rarely lays its icy fingers.



SOSPEL—THE OLD BRIDGE

THE popularity of the Riviera has not been secured by adventitious aids. Travellers paying their first visit to this coast have been forced to admit that the half was not told them. Even though the tide of Fashion ebbed from these golden shores, most of the advantages of the Riviera and all of its natural beauties would remain. To-day, it is more popular than ever before. To-morrow will find it more largely patronised than it is to-day.

The Riviera will remain! R. ARKELL.

Mabel Robey

LUCKY DOGS!

Miss Stephanie Stephens, who is playing in "Queen High," the new musical comedy at the Queen's Theatre. Success certainly seems to dog her footsteps!

"The Panoply of State" at the

AT THE

The Duke of Brabant, heir to the Belgian throne, with his bride, Princess Astrid of Sweden, and members of the two Royal families photographed in the Royal wonderful colour to the scene. The Royal couple were

AFTER THE WEDDING

Central News

A photograph taken at the Town Hall at Stockholm where the ceremony was performed by the Mayor, about 1,200 guests being present. The group shows the Queen of Denmark (left), the King of the Belgians, the King of Norway, Prince Carl, the bride's father, the bridegroom, the bride, the Queen of the Belgians, the King of Denmark, and the King of Sweden

Royal Wedding at Stockholm

ROYAL PALACE

Central News

Palace at Stockholm. The scene in the Throne Room presented a glittering spectacle, the uniforms of the men and the women's court dresses adding a touch of attended by twelve bridesmaids and twelve groomsmen

IN THE THRONE ROOM

Central News

A distinguished group at the Royal wedding ceremonies. The photograph includes the Kings of Belgium, Sweden, Norway and Denmark, the bride and bridegroom, and the bride's parents. The bridesmaids are Princess Marie José, Princess Martha, Princess Ingrid and Princess Feodorovna, the groomsmen being the Crown Prince of Norway, Prince Gustavus Adolphus, Prince Charles and Prince Bernadotte

THE MAN OF PROPERTY

By A. A. THOMSON

Illustrations by A. K. MACDONALD

"'Not at all,' he laughed; 'you are my guest'"

HE was a little man, neither ugly nor distinguished, neither shabby nor markedly well groomed, and I came upon him drinking his pre-luncheon *apéritif* at a little table in front of a little *café*. I cannot think what attracted me towards him, but I ordered my vermouth-gin from the snowy-aproned waiter, and, like Miss Muffet's spider, I sat down beside him. We made our compliments. It was (we told each other) a morning the most superb, a morning straight from heaven. Side by side we drank in the beauty of the day, the broad sweep of the palm-fringed Croisette, the harbour with its yachts, a symphony in blue and white, the purple wonder of the Esterel, and the amazing blue of the sea. That blue . . . (as the unknown poet has said)—

"Sempiternal blue, the sort of
Blue that Reckitt never thought of."

I ventured the trite observation that Cannes was the loveliest spot on earth.

"I am glad," said the little man, "that you admire my property."

"Your property?" I murmured in amazement.

"But certainly," he replied with the gesture of a *grand seigneur*.

From the corner of my eye I regarded him curiously. I had heard of the hereditary princes of Monaco, of the uncrowned kings of Monte Carlo, and of the various men of fabled wealth who haunted these pleasant shores, but I had never, to the best of my recollection, taken my *apéritif* with a millionaire before. True, I had my idea of millionaires.

"A millionaire," says the cynic, "is born without conscience and dies without digestion." I had always imagined them at best to be but poor, unhappy creatures. Yet here was a self-confessed millionaire expressing supreme contentment.

"You mean," I ventured, "that all this——"

He nodded gravely. "As far as you can see. The Croisette, the flower market behind, the yachts in the harbour, Mont Chevalier with its red roofs and grey tower."

I glanced at him again. Reluctantly I was beginning to doubt his veracity or his sanity. Reluctantly, I say; for he was a companionable sort of man.

"Perhaps," I suggested, with a hint of irony, "you own the Casino too?"

"Assuredly." (His tone was not in the least boastful.) "And the Carlton Hotel. And the statue of your good King Edward."

"Then your income must be colossal?"

"My income," he returned smiling, "is, as you would say, neither here nor there. Though small, it keeps me in cigarettes and Cinzano. But income is not property."

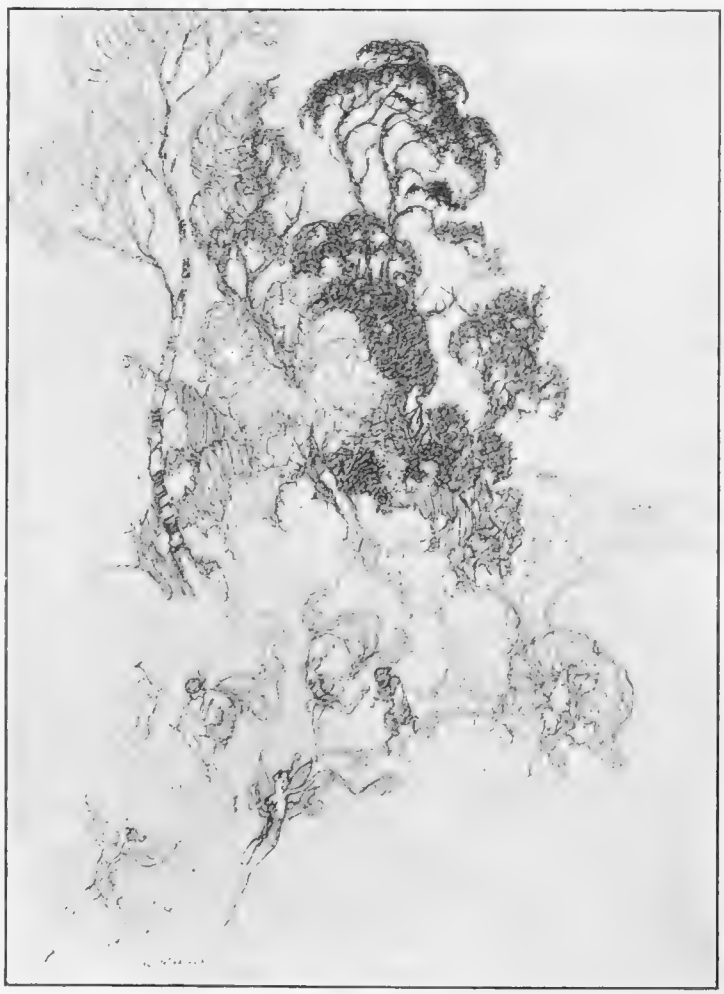
"What," I asked Socratically, "is property?"

"Property, my friend, is what I own in complete enjoyment, what cannot be taken from me. I may allow you, as a favour, to share it with me, but you cannot deprive me of it. The beauty of the morning, the splendour of the sea, they are mine. They cannot be bought or sold. I beg you, monsieur, to share them with me."

"Permit me," I replied with (I hope) all the courtesy a rude Anglo-Saxon is capable of, "permit me to thank you for your hospitality."

"Not at all," he laughed; "you are my guest. Please enjoy every-

(Continued on page 573)



"Fairy pipers pipe their lay"

Worthington

Too many cooks quarrel over the broth · · · · but a legion of butlers will agree that the beer of all beers is Worthington

Proverbs

thing that is mine. The bloom of the mimosa, the soft breath of the south wind, the radiance of the golden air, the tideless sea, blue as the mantle of a Sassoferato Madonna. I own these things in the only way they can be owned —by the enjoyment of their beauty. But property has fallen on evil days. Subversive ideas are abroad. Some men think of property as a thing to be locked in a box. A hideous fallacy. Such men cannot own anything but worries. For myself, I have everything. That yacht in the harbour——"

"Now, there," I interrupted, laughing, "your theory is surely at sea"

"But no, monsieur. To me that yacht, with her lines graceful as a swallow's, and her brasswork gleaming gold in the sunlight, is a dream-craft seen through

> '. . . magic casements, opening on the foam
> Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.'

To the honest but misguided gentleman who calls himself her owner she is but something that cost some millions of francs, on which he frequently suffers from *mal de mer*. Am I right?"

"No," I protested, smiling; "if——"

"I assure you I am right. So far as ownership denotes happiness, I own her. I own the palms, the olive-trees, and the romantic, mysterious isles across the bay. See the ever-changing beauty of the Esterel, that magic hinterland of shadows where

> 'Fairy pipers pipe their lay
> Of over the hills and far away.'

See it. Drink in its beauty. Own it. It is yours and mine. Can anyone take it away?"

"Not all the king's horses," I responded fervently. "Sir, you are a philosopher."

"Certainly not," he retorted almost indignantly. "A philosopher is one who learns to do without something. "I, *au contraire*, have everything."

"Another Cinzano, monsieur?"

"A thousand thanks, no." He rose and, with a courteous salutation, turned towards the Croisette. "*Au revoir*, monsieur. I must, before luncheon, make a little tour . . . of my property."

A. A. T.

RUGGER REACTIONS

THROUGH A GLASS, DARKLY

By "PENDARVES"

Both prospective Varsity sides are at the moment being looked at through a glass, darkly, as it were. But soon we shall see them face to face, on the 14th prox. But, having seen each of them performing, and on the assumption that G. E. B. Abell, of Oxford, and C. S. Barlow, of Cambridge, have more or less made up their minds about their respective sides (without, of course, chucking "Blues" about prematurely), one may, perhaps, be admitted an impertinent remark or two.

When the season started, when it was in its earliest infancy, and a Cambridge XV, containing five old Blues, came to Twickenham and were beaten, but not disgraced, by the Harlequins (23-8), people who know *all* about it said "it will be Cambridge's year this year, mark my words"—and everybody did, naturally. In fact, for the first two or three Saturdays of the season it was Cambridge who got all the Press publicity, while Mr. Abell struggled on with his side somewhere or other, unhonoured and unsung. He was probably delighted with it, so that he could continue the good work in peace.

Cambridge, it is true, on the form they displayed against the brilliant 'Quins, showed us they were a good side: a side that would require a lot of beating by any other University. They exhibited to our delighted gaze several brilliant individualists, and a really sound full-back in J. P. Whitham, an asset they have lacked for some seasons. They have also got a pair of halves in W. H. Sobey and W. H. Lewis who are rather more than first class, and who play together like the two hands of a clock. They have forwards in the skipper, Barlow, R. C. Wakefield (younger brother of the great man), A. D. Allen, and G. H. McIlwaine who should go further than a "Blue" before they have finished playing Rugger. They have got a three-quarter line in Rowe Harding (of Wales), C. D. Aarvold, A. F. Hamilton-Smythe, and W. J. Taylor of outstanding speed and great ability. And the whole team play with that dash and initiative which makes you fumble for your betting book on the club fender in the smoking-room afterwards and begin the usual chant, "Now I'll lay a small shade of odds Cambridge . . ."

But latterly, owing chiefly to the patience and judgment of their captain, Oxford have begun to find themselves. When I saw them dealing with a side like Blackheath up at Oxford recently I said to myself, "These rash bets of mine have got to be laid off, and soon." For Blackheath, you must know, have got the heaviest pack of forwards in the Western Hemisphere at the moment—and it was a wet day: all forwards will know what significance I attach to this! Oxford were only beaten by a converted goal to nil. And if I had been Mr. Abell I should have walked off that ground tolerably satisfied with myself.

It was not a day on which to sling the ball out unduly to the backs. Oxford did so because their threequarter line was under observation; and the threequarters played up admirably. We were all glad of this (having family traditions which centre round Oxford!), as we had in the forefront of our minds those four Cambridge fliers. It is all right: Oxford are *not* going to be shoved off the ball; nor are they going to be left standing by either Rowe Harding or Taylor; that is a practical certainty. If Jacob's knee holds up (and it seems likely to), he is just as fast as either of the Cambridge wings, though where Abell will play him remains to be seen. Jacob can play almost anywhere.

I am not impressed by all that has been said of the scrum half, Macdonald. He is good. But Sobey, in my humble judgment, is better. Nor is the combination of Macdonald and Nunn so potent —or so quick—as that of Sobey and Lewis. The half-back play on the day of the Varsity match will, I fancy, be the axis upon which matters will revolve. Oxford have found a steady, but not a brilliant, full-back in F. F. Spragg. This position has worried the Oxford skipper quite a lot. He will do well to persevere with Spragg. (There is no charge for this information!)

Oxford seem to be working out some very Machiavellian scheme of the short-pass-and-return-passing game. They would appear to have "caught something" while watching the ineffectual Maoris. Far be it from the likes of me to deter them. It might rattle Cambridge frightfully. On the other hand, it might not! But you have got to be a damgood side to bring this sort of thing off successfully. And are they that yet? And supposing it is a wet day and the ball like a piece of bath soap, as it was up at Oxford against Blackheath? What then? . . . Oh, I see: *then* they will rely on their excellent forwards to "keep it tight." H'm: well, we shall see.

Anyhow, let nobody run away with the idea that this year's Varsity match is in any sense a foregone conclusion. It will be a game worth coming a long way to see. Even from as far north as Aberdeen—that is, if anyone there has got the return fare saved up.

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ARE WE SENTIMENTAL?

By Blanchette *Illustrations by HELEN McKIE*

"Typist to marry a duke in the last chapter"

London, *November* 15.

Dear Cousin—

Are we sentimental, I wonder? Someone's just been saying so, I b'lieve, because of our books and plays. I mean, supposed to fall every time, we are, for sugar and spice, and all that's nice, and all that sort of thing. All the sob-stuff laid on thick, but everything coming all right in the end, and not too much of the olives and salted almonds of what the best slop-merchants call "cynical" character-drawing, either. Hence, *on dit*, the simply *enormous* success of those celebrated and popular writers, Miss Mabel Thingummy and dear *sweet* Mr. Whatshisname, who always arranges for the typist to marry a duke in the last chapter, or at the very lowest an *incognito* earl.

That's, in fact, methinks, still rather the favourite sort of Picture of an Englishman (and woman) that quite a lot of people cherish at heart—just a nice, simple, downright creature who does his duty and pays his rent and does the shopping (she, I mean, not he) and sews on the buttons. And then, for recreation and contrast to this quiet and God-fearing life, sit, they do, seemingly, almost as dutifully and trustfully half-open-mouthed while the Sentimentalists do their very dashedest in the way of arousing all their most harmless passions and over-stimulating their tear-ducts. Till, at last, they go bedwards all of a glow and a thrill, for all the world like one of the Dickens heroines (or, for that matter, Thackeray's, who was every bit as bad with his really good women, as they called 'em, his Amelias and Carolines and people, who were really traitors to their sex and ought to've been shot at dawn for the way they lay down to be trod on, but, of course, that was a *man's* point of view in those benighted, good old days).

Been reading two books lately, Cousin, which interested me hugely—one was called "Ways of Escape," by Noel Forrest, I think, all about a brilliant and handsome father, whose children were all trying to get away from him all the time, because of his dominating, overbearing ways. A quite striking story in truth, though anything but sentimental. The other was May Sinclair's latest, "Far End," wherein the ideal young couple adore each other, but there arrives a crying, not to say howling, baby, and he, deprived of wife's kind attentions, turns his to a sweetly pretty typist and then for a while to a somewhat charming widow—and only returns really to his proper allegiance in the end because they've gone back to their country houselet, so exquisitely enchanting that he (being himself a novelist with a sense of the fitness of things) feels that you simply couldn't even begin to dream of the illicit passion stuff with such a heavenly garden and other local wonderfulnesses around.

'Dreaming of St. Moritz"

And so to the play, as Mr. Pepys might have said—and by the way, not too much of a sentimental drama his, either, that they're giving at the Savoy these days. And just look at the rest of them, I ask you. There's *Shavings* at the Apollo perhaps, I grant you, and the revived *Romance* at the Playhouse, and the *Cradle Song* at the Fortune, though Martinez Sierra's little play's so charming it's quite a lot above standard. And for the rest, what, even if you count in the musical shows, which have a sort of prescriptive right as you might say to sentiment, but aren't too terribly wearing about it mostly—in fact, in affairs like *Tip-Toes* at the Winter Garden and *Merely Molly* at the Adelphi, they're positively even more or less realistic here and there. And in the new Eden Phillpotts play at the Haymarket, *Yellow Sands*, that they say may even give *The Farmer's Wife* the K.O., there's any amount of nice shrewd crooked smiles, but not a scrap of the real sugary stuff that brings weariness to the hearts of the right-minded.

Half-opened mouths

And then there's *The Gift Horse*, Mr. J. B. Sterndale-Bennett's really rather brilliant little comedy at the Everyman. Wherein Athene Seyler (wife of author) is a lady of what you might call easy virtue, but anything but uneasy about it, and the heroine to boot. All the best canons of behaviour being completely upset by this play, and as for sentiment—oh! well, alas! alas! for the good British

(*Continued on page* 582)

THE JEWEL ROOM AT GARRARDS, 1926

A Cabinet of Gems

IN FLORENCE, at one end of the eastern corridor of the Uffizzi gallery, there is a tiny room which escapes the notice of the casual tourist, but which anyone interested in beautiful craftsmanship should never fail to visit. It is called "The Cabinet of the Gems," and, in the bald language of the museum guide, contains "articles of jewellery and carved gems"; it is a little collection of unforgettable beauty.

THERE IN THAT LITTLE ROOM, taken collectively or by an individual ring, or a slim exquisite goblet, we realise that the work of the jeweller is as much an art as are music and painting. In the days of the Medici, Time was immaterial to the metal-worker and the artist; to-day—in an age of Speed, there are many who contend that such delicacy of workmanship is beyond us. This is not so.

THE HOUSE OF GARRARD maintains that the jewelled bracelets, the carved emerald hat-ornaments, the beautiful rings, the slim, delicately-designed cigarette-cases, the handbags set in frames of enamelled gold decorated with tiny diamond-studded watches, displayed in the famous Albemarle Street Jewel Room to-day, are as happy examples of the jeweller's art as those ornaments wrought for the Medici, the Pitti or the Strozzi by those Florentine craftsmen in the days when Benvenuto Cellini, in his rich brocaded coats, swaggered along the banks of the Arno four hundred years ago

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squire and his daughter, who sent coals (some charity to-day!) and blankets to the poor, and the red-breasted robins cheerily chirping "Noel" in the snow.

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Which reminds me of two things at least. That Christmas is coming for one, which is quite a joyful thought in its way, seeing that there are seasonable presents attached thereto. And also somehow of the great Sitwell lunch at the Savoy the other day, just to bid farewell to Mr. Osbert Sitwell of the famous family, writer, poet, and thorn-in-the-flesh of Mr. Bobbie Hale and others, because of the slightly sniffy things he said of actors (but only some). Mr. H. G. Wells was there and Mr. Arnold Bennett, also Mr. C. B. Cochran and various members of the Press who'd been invited, perchance, to record the golden words of our Mr. Osbert, as, *e.g.* and for instance, his pious hope that "while I'm away you'll try and make this a land fit for Sitwells to live in."

卐

But (talking of "Noel") somehow Mr. Coward didn't seem to be visible anywhere. Which also reminds me, wasn't it our Mr. Osbert who said, when Mr. Noel's play *The Queen Was in the Parlour* was just being put on, that he was afraid he'd never be able to see it because he was just going into the country for three weeks? Whereupon our Mr. Noel declared that he'd be most delighted to put a box at the theatre at Mr. Osbert's disposal, to hold himself, sister and brother, and all his followers and admirers? So *on dit*, at any rate, but of course they do say such odd things—don't they —some of 'em too good to be true, and some too true to be good.

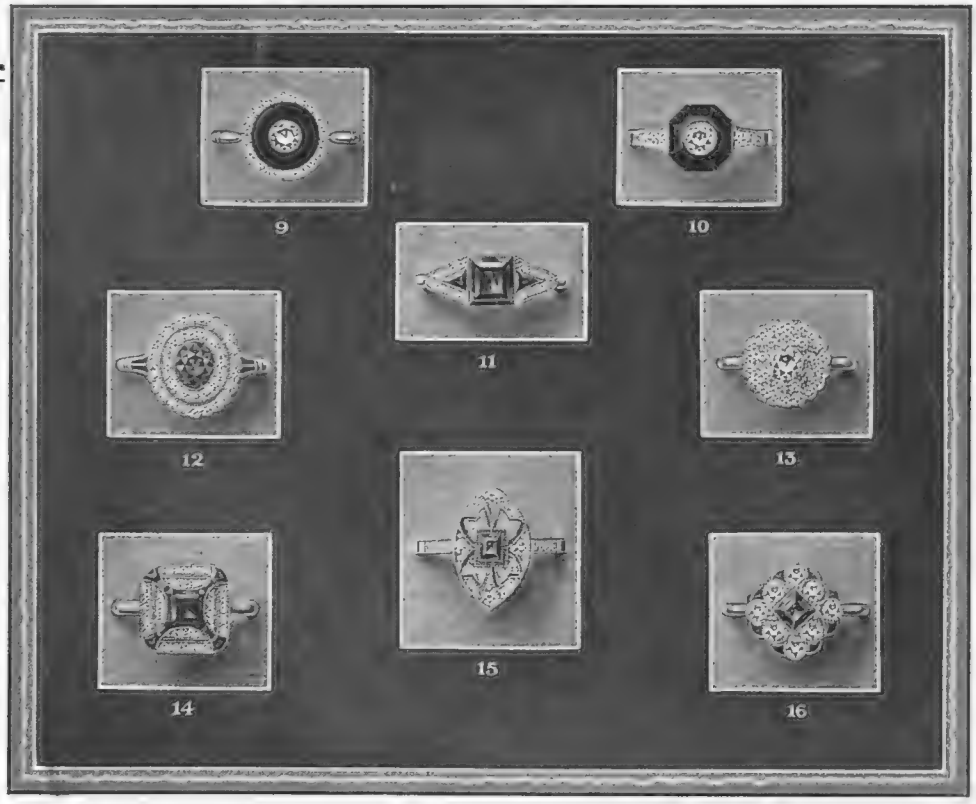
"The reading of books"

卐

And they're dancing busily everywhere, including the Riviera—not "on" it; that happens later; but this is that fascinating club on the banks of the Thames somewhere between Chelsea and the House of Commons, where you watch the river swirling along between times. And if you're thinking and dreaming of St. Moritz in the dim future, hear there's a perfectly good new place being started in the Haymarket, or somewhere, where you can learn to ski on nice sawdust snow, though for the moment chariot-racing's my only real pash. As seen in that lovely new film, *Ben Hur*, at the Tivoli, I mean, where Ramon Novarro ruffles it in togas and things with *grand succès*.

With love, Yours ever,

Blanchette.



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A Rose-Petal Complexion.
How to get it—and keep it.
BY
MISS MARJORIE SPIERS

Pretty Actresses.

The Co-Optimists have a knack of "co-opting" young ladies of that particular light charm and airiness which is characteristic of their show. During the six years in which they have lightened our hearts they have numbered in the company a succession of exceptionally pretty, clever young actresses. Their latest recruit is Miss Marjorie Spiers, who is fast winning her way to the front rank of revue and musical comedy actresses. Her beauty and talent are doing much to make the success of their 12th Programme at His Majesty's.

"I wonder if she's as pretty off the stage?"—a question as old as the theatre. Well, in Miss Marjorie Spiers's case we can truthfully and unhesitatingly say that she is quite as pretty, even prettier.

Mabe Robey

Marjorie Spiers

"I want to be original."

"So many people talk about Pond's—and so many use it—that I would like to be original," said Miss Spiers, "and say I did something entirely different. But, frankly, I can't. I honestly do use Pond's—and have done so ever since I gave up being a schoolgirl. There's no getting away from it—Pond's does put the skin in wonderful condition—provided you use it regularly."

"Only a few shillings."

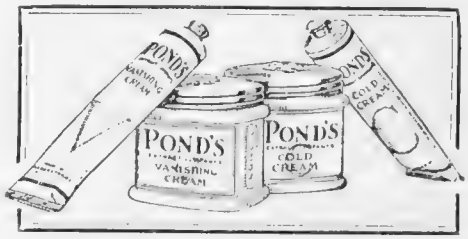
In the course of some remarks on beauty parlours Miss Spiers said, "I know women who get into panics about their complexion. They do nothing for weeks, then suddenly they see a line or a wrinkle and they dash off to some beauty specialist who does a lot of wonderful things and sends in a wonderful bill. Now that seems all foolishness to me. The Pond's method costs only a few shillings—it takes only a few minutes a day—and it does more than remove wrinkles, it *prevents* them."

Cleanliness.

As Miss Spiers pointed out, this wonderful rejuvenating effect of Pond's is entirely due to a very simple fact. Cleanliness is said to be next to godliness—it certainly is the first essential to beauty. Unless the skin is clean, it *cannot* look fresh and lovely, with the natural bloom of rose-petals. "This is a delusion that the daintiest woman can fall a victim to," said Miss Spiers, "simply through ignorance, through not knowing that ordinary washing has no real cleansing effect as far as the pores are concerned. I would never allow a day to pass without getting all the impurity out of my skin with Pond's Cold Cream. It makes the skin so delightfully supple."

Protection.

"Also, I very rarely leave the house without sparing a few moments to use Pond's Vanishing Cream. Then I am confident that I am looking my best, that my powder will never come off in parts and look patchy, and that the weather will not harm it."



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RIVIERA GOLF

By DELL LEIGH

A FEW years ago people did not take their golf on the Riviera seriously. They do now. This is attributable mainly to the fact that Englishmen and Americans (the French will forgive me, I am sure, for it *is* our game, after all) have "got busy" in the management and upkeep of the courses, several of which have been improved almost beyond recognition.

Notably is this the case with the Mont Agel course, 3000 feet above Monte itself. It used, when I first knew it, to be a rocky, bare sort of place where you merely played a round for the exercise that you badly needed and to work up an appetite sufficiently sharp to enable you to cope with the magnificent lunch they gave you in that sun-splashed restaurant afterwards. Now, however, although the same delicious sort of lunch is there, *real* golf is there, too. It was good enough last season for anyone with an ordinary mortal's handicap. It is even better to-day, since Hewlett-Brooke has made two new greens and has added several more up-to-date bunkers. Many of the rocky patches have gone. It is, in fact, now a place where the man who glories in a National handicap need not be too proud to come.

The course at Hyères is in a very forward state. They have resown a good many of the greens, and although they badly wanted rain here when they did not get it—and will probably get it when they don't want it—the fairways are ready to play now—a good sign. I like Hyères. You can get away from the sickening crowd here. (Why are we always so intolerant about the presence of others on our favourite courses?) You can talk golf shop half the night in the hotel if you want to. I *do*, when I have played a series of ghastly flukes which I pretend I "tried for"—and you can get a most timely and helpful ricochet off the wire netting after a fluffed shot into the bunkers.

It is at Nice where they play the Riviera Open Championship. Although I have said it before [that *is* so—ED.] I *must* say it again. The first time you leave your hotel in Nice on a golfing morning with a pal from England you have him on toast, thus: You say to the taxi driver, "*le golf à Cagnes.*" Your pal says, "Don't be a damfool, ol' boy, we're playing on the *Nice* course." You look very superior and maintain a stolid silence. So does he, not being able to argue the point, in French, with the driver. By way of getting his own back, thereby falling deeper into the soup, he adds, "Well, you might at least *pronounce* the thing better than that—why, *I* can do as well as that. You called it Kine-yer—or something." You then explain with a bland tolerance that the Nice golf club is at a place they *call* Cagnes-sur-mer, pronounced *kine-yer*. And that he will pay the cab fare for being so clever.

The Nice club is, in my experience, the cheapest on the Riviera, and from a playing point of view one of the best. It is here that Mr. Lloyd George did a hole in one (the 17th), and they erected a monument to the matter. And here that a Swiss opponent of mine played "*un shot formidable*" off the 8th tee, the ball coming to rest in the 9th hole—'*mais c'est merveilleux, tu sais!*"

Costebelle, standing at the gates of the Riviera—the most southerly spot on the whole of this Mediterranean coast: the place is a veritable fastness for the insular Englishman. People wintering here are not concerned with the Riviera proper (or improper)—they are outside all that. There is no need to go down into the gay towns. You have your sporting golf by day—or your tennis, or your croquet, both first-class, especially the latter; your gala dancing by night. The sheer mountains form a wall to the north, and in a blissful hollow lies the golf.

There is a man here who owns the hotels whom I miss for days whenever I have to leave him—one Peyron: half an Englishman, with all the humour and sagacity of the French. *Un bon garçon*—especially to play any game against: which he usually wins! He has put in a new giant of a bunker at the 12th, where he lost a hole to me at a critical stage once.

The big Cannes Golf Club, at Mandelieu, is as popular and as crowded as ever. This largely because of its lovely subsoil of pure sand and its lovelier turf. I have played here after ten days of continuous rain, and I might have been at Rye for all the difference to the fairways or greens the deluge seemed to have made. It is one of the most spectacular courses on the Continent, with its enchanting umbrella pines, its views of the sea, the Esterels and the snows of the Frontier Alps. You want every stroke in the bag, too, to return a good card here. This is the course where they have the delightful ferry which crosses the river between the 2nd and 3rd and 12th and 13th holes.

The simple life is still lived at the "Dormy House Club" at Valescure: and the wild boars still root occasionally on the edge of the greens—to the great delight of the local sportsmen. I wish I were going to winter there. The excellent golf; the excellent food; the quiet rubbers of bridge; the old brandy—but I am not; woe is me!

I have heard from that picturesque place, Sospel, that there have been mighty doings on the course. Sospel's trouble—apart from the green question, which is always a thorn in the flesh out there—is that the holes are not as long as they might be. The people at the club, however, have found a means of lengthening the 17th, and they have moved some very unfair earthworks at the 12th, and generally altered the rather tiresome 13th. Sospel has acquired a new secretary, Mr. R. W. Macbeth, who was trained at Sandwich, which is as much recommendation as anyone could ask.

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

THE SILENT TRAP

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

In these days of forward bidding when the Dealer says "No bid" it is a safe deduction that he has not a very good hand. It is practically certain that he does not hold two aces or two "quick" tricks. But it does not follow necessarily that his hand is worthless. He may have a hand which is unsuitable for an initial bid. It may contain a long suit without "tops" which he is waiting to bid on the second round.

Of course there are still to be found foxy and canny players who adopt the policy of silence in the hope of bringing off a double against too bold bidders. But they are in the minority. The value of early attack and of getting in the first blow has been demonstrated so indisputably that the vast majority of players now call much "lighter" than in the early days of Auction. Even at the Portland Club, which has always had the reputation of being the most conservative in the matter of bidding, the calling to-day is much more forward than it used to be.

If you doubt this proposition you have only to look at the results of a competition in a Sunday newspaper where three members of the Portland Club decided that, at love all in rubber game, Z holding S, 7, 6, 4; H, A, K, 9, 6; D, 10, 7, 4; C, 8, 5, 3, should bid "One Heart." This is forward bidding with a vengeance, and I hardly am prepared to endorse it. With Ace, King to four in Diamonds or Clubs and nothing else of value in the hand, I should certainly bid one of a minor suit. But there is all the difference in the world between an initial bid in a major and minor suit. Bidding a minor you offer support to the estimate of at least two "quick" tricks. A sound bid of a major promises more. It invites support. The minimum holding to justify a bid of a four suit major has always been considered as A, K, Q, X. Even in the rubber game a bid on four A, K high, without a single outside trick, seems to me stretching it too far.

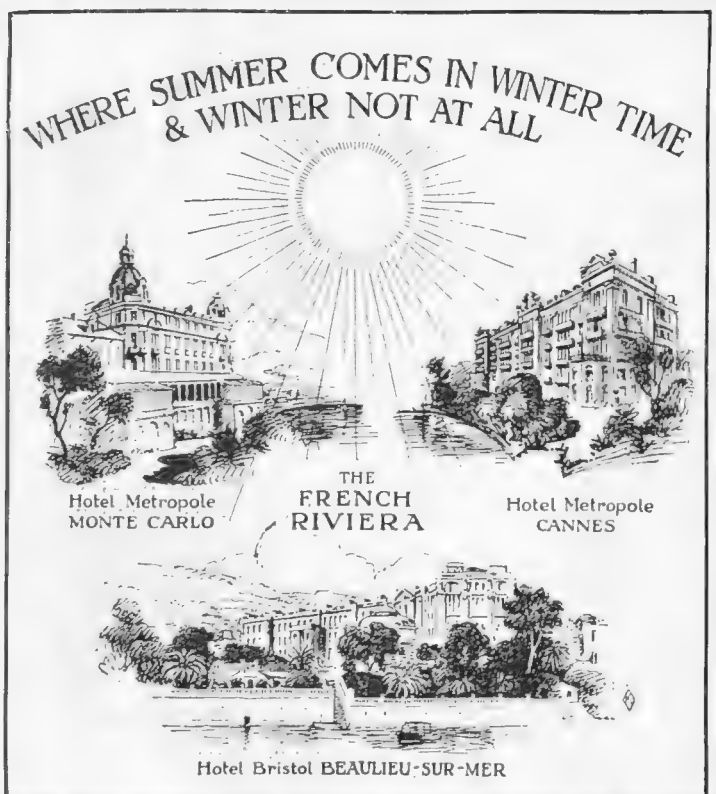
. . . . . .

But I give this as an example to show how tactics have changed. Only a few years ago a player who made such a bid would have been liable to be shot at dawn. But I am digressing from my subject, which is the deduction to be drawn from silence. If the Dealer says "No bid" it is a certain encouragement to his opponents. They can be fairly certain that (1) he has not a major suit of four or five headed by top honours and an outside "quick" trick, (2) that he has not three aces, (3) that he has not a minor suit headed by Ace, King, nor two aces of minor suits. These inferences should be extremely useful in subsequent bidding and should be duly registered in the brain (or whatever passes for the brain) at the time. Only they must not be pushed too far. If Dealer after an original pass bursts forth on second round with a bid of two or three of a major suit it must not be assumed from his original silence that he can be doubled with safety, even though his partner may have passed also on first round. And yet I have seen many players, even experienced players, fall into this trap.

. . . . . .

A common mistake is to be misled by the silence of an opponent into continuing the bidding. This is the sort of thing that happens: Z, "One Spade"; A, "No bid"; Y, "Two Hearts"; B, "Three Clubs"; Z, "Three Spades"; A, "Double." All pass. A has been silent over Z's Spade bid because he likes Spades. Y has taken out Z's Spade bid into Hearts, showing he does not like Spades. Yet because B bid "Three Clubs," in which Z is weak, he foolishly goes on bidding Spades and falls into the trap of A's initial silence. Or it may go like this: Z, "One Spade"; A and Y, "No bid"; B, "Three Hearts"; Z, "Three Spades." A, "Double," and neither Y nor Z can extricate themselves. A has kept silent on first round because of his strength in Spades, and is only too delighted that Z has gone up to three and made a double possible.

It is to be observed that silence may not mean that he has no defence, and it well always to be on guard against this silent trap.



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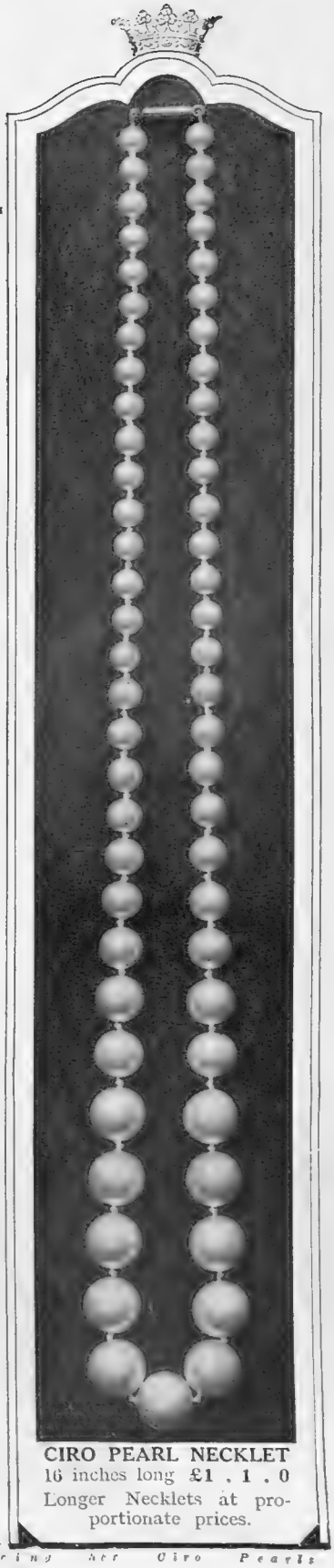

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The photograph above is a study of Miss Norah Swinburne wearing her Ciro Pearls

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

Effects of the Tax

We have to reconcile ourselves to the fact that things will be quiet for a while in the racing world. For the time being the betting tax seems to be keeping many of the regular racegoers away from the scene of their usual activities, but I am quite convinced that, whether the tax remains in its present form or not, we shall find most of them in their accustomed places when the next flat-racing campaign comes round. The average racing man is not so perturbed by the duty as the professionals would have us believe. He will go on paying this new form of revenue, comforting himself with the reflection that things might be worse. For example, the percentage we are paying on our bets is considerably less than the totalisator would exact. I find that many of the bookmakers in Tattersalls are working on the system of deducting 2½ per cent. from winnings, charging no tax on their clients' losing bets. This method has the merit of simplicity, and, though in the long run backers will probably lose just as much by this arrangement as by any other, it is a comfortable way of swallowing the pill.

At Aintree

There seemed to be almost as many bookies as backers at Liverpool on its opening day. People who stayed away missed some excellent sport. The wonderfully keen finish for the Knowsley Nursery was a great compliment to the handicapper, though it appeared for a moment or two to fluster the judge. I thought Sir Charles Hyde's colt Grey Hill was the unlucky competitor of the race, for he lost far more ground at the start than the margin by which he was eventually beaten into third place. Lord Derby had a regular field day when carrying off three of the five flat races. He was particularly delighted with the success of Caissot in the Liverpool St. Leger, for this meant that the future value of the colt is appreciably enhanced. Highbrow's victory under his penalty in the Lancashire Handicap was one of the best performances of the week. It is said that Lord Derby had not looked forward to this meeting with special optimism, but his three winners in one afternoon were a reminder that in racing you never know your luck.

Blancona's Jumping

Now that the winter season is close at hand, the various National Hunt events at Aintree were of great interest. Blancona gave a curious exhibition when winning the Becher Steeplechase. At the majority of fences he lost two or three lengths by his trick of jumping to the right. You can imagine the chaos that would be caused if Blancona indulged in this peculiarity in a Grand National field. This young Irish horse must have a great deal of power to be able to brush through these immense Aintree fences without toppling over. For a 'chaser he possesses remarkable speed, and however he may fare in the Grand National he is sure to win plenty of other good races over fences for his fair young owner. In all probability we shall find him among the favourites for the big steeplechase in due course, but, in spite of his success last week, I question whether he is really a National horse.

Will Perfect Son Make Good?

Sir Alfred Butt has allowed Perfect Son to remain in the Derby Cup this week, and has also accepted with him for the Manchester November Handicap. Perhaps the colt will go for both races, and the fact that the weight permits of a strong jockey—probably Smirke—being employed suggests that he will be a competitor at Derby on Friday. This journey should be just to his liking, and I take him as the probable winner. In his absence Mendoza may win at Derby. Following this meeting we have an attractive one-day fixture at Hurst Park on Saturday, when there is a possibility that the much-talked-of "dark" youngster Messenger Boy will be given a gallop in the Two-Year-Old Stakes. His stable companion Applecross is also in the entry, together with Knight of the Grail, Birthright, Fourth Hand, and Prestissimo. It should be a race well worth seeing. I look for the success of **Applecross.**

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The Literary Log

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

WITH the publication of *A Man Could Stand Up* (Duckworth: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) Mr. Ford Madox Ford carries the history of Christopher Tietjens of Groby one step further, and once again puts us in his debt. For, as it seems to me, this epic of the War days, which began with *No More Parades* and continued with *Some Do Not*——, is one of the biggest things in fiction for which the War has been directly responsible. I admit that the series may not be to everybody's taste—there are many passages which may revolt you and tricks of technique which may seem too theatrical—but as a picture of what modern warfare actually is, and as the analysis of one or two men and women who lived through those four monstrous years, it may be said to stand on a plane by itself.

In the course of the present book the War is brought to an end, but before that we are shown young Valentine Wannop being summoned from her duties in a girls' school to nurse the beloved Tietjens, whose wife has left him, and Tietjens himself battling against all conceivable odds at the front. Here, indeed, Mr. Ford shows himself a master of words. All the foulness and terrors and hideousness and heroism and futility of warfare have been, as it were, boiled down into these few magnificent chapters. It is so vivid that you feel, with Tietjens, that if it goes on much longer you must go mad.

And then, in the third part, you see Tietjens home again in London, in an empty house, with the girl and a few of his old comrades come to celebrate Armistice Night. The end is not yet. We cannot help hoping that in the fourth and final volume the hero will be somehow rid of his detestable wife, but in whatever way Mr. Ford may choose to round off his story, he will have the satisfaction of knowing that he has given an entirely original character to fiction, and in his book exhibited the stupidity and horrors of modern warfare as no other writer has done.

"DANCE ESPAGNOLE"

A new photograph of Fowler and Tamara, who are well known in the West End for their clever dancing. At present they are appearing at the Piccadilly Hotel

❋

ONCE again Mr. A. A. Thomson, most industrious of men, gives us a new book, this time a light-hearted and wholly delightful story of post-war life in a country village. *Sweet Cicely* (Jenkins: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) is really a fairy-tale in disguise, written in that happily whimsical style which Mr. Thomson has made his own. His dreadful Vicaress may be a caricature, and his dear old superannuated "villain" too stagey even for a superannuated actor, but that is part of the fun. And at the back of things lurks that touch of polite satire which can give meaning to even the fluffiest tale.

It is all exceedingly jolly. Cicely is adorable, whether she is trying to escape the attentions of a rich bounder or telling the Vicaress what she really thinks of her, or succumbing—of course against her inclinations—to the charms of the really nice Mr. James Butt, of the turkey farm near to her mother's cottage, who is—well, not Mr. Butt at all. Also there is the one-and-only and never-to-be-forgotten Edward Gollin. Edward is fourteen, and I defy you to find a more atrociously learned or more

(*Continued on page 592*)

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SANDEMAN'S PORT

hideously competent youth in all fiction. Certainly Mr. Thomson must give us a whole book about Edward. (I think I would have to buy two copies myself.)

❋

It is said that Mr. Henry Green is a very young man. He has written a very remarkable book. *Blindness* (Dent: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) is the story of a rather modern boy who, during his last year at school, meets with an accident and loses his eyes. The hideousness of his position is presented in a manner which could hardly be bettered. You see the poor fellow gradually realising his position, trying to face it, hating the kindness of those who are about him, attempting to weave a philosophy for himself, and ultimately finding real solace in his work as a writer.

Critically speaking, it might be objected that the long and detailed picture which is given of Joan and her drunken father, the unfrocked vicar of the parish, covers too large a proportion of Mr. Green's canvas; yet one would hardly have had it otherwise, for it is one of the most astonishing things in an astonishing book. I do not remember a more vivid or more dreadful presentation of a drunkard. But the whole thing is vivid and unexpected and originally set out, and any faults that it may have are speedily forgotten in the growing interest and admiration which it engenders. Mr. Green has begun very well indeed.

❋

I have just read a most intriguing detective story by G. D. H. and Margaret Cole. *The Blatchington Tangle* (Collins: 7*s.* 6*d.*) begins very well and lures you on. The fact that in a country house party *everybody,* including the host and hostess and butler, may be legitimately suspected of the murder of the unpleasant Mr. Treadgold does not prevent you from exercising your own ingenuity. You fix on the most improbable person, but that will not do. You fix on the most likely, and find yourself equally at sea. You know that Lady Blatchington's rubies have something to do with the business, but just what you cannot decide, and it is only when the redoubtable Mr. Wilson, who once worked at Scotland Yard, and is, according to the authors, about to return there, comes on the scene that the enigma is explained.

HUGH TUITE

The popular author whose humorously treated works on Auction Bridge have achieved a marked success. Among his latest books are "Teaching Iris Auction Bridge" and "Mrs. Pottleton's Bridge Parties." He is also the author of the amusing novel, "Mr. Dovercourt's Decoy"

❋

If you share my opinion and find Dickens at his best in the *Pickwick Papers* you will enjoy Mr. Walter Dexter's carefully compiled *Mr. Pickwick's Pilgrimages* (Chapman & Hall: 18*s.* net). Here you have a kind of geographical commentary on the six pilgrimages which the immortal gentlemen were making, on behalf of humanity and in the cause of learning, just about a hundred years ago. Mr. Dexter is an amusing, as well as a safe guide, and his book is delightfully done. R. S.

Notable Hunting Book

Hunting people are awaiting with a good deal of interest the publication, to take place shortly, of "Shires and Provinces." When I state that this book has been written by "Sabretache," whose sporting contributions to the *Tatler* are so widely read, that it has been illustrated by Mr. Lionel Edwards, whose brilliant pictures of sporting scenes are well known to our readers, and that it is being produced by Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, Ltd., in sumptuous fashion, it will be realised that the volume is one to be treasured by hunting people. We may be sure that "Sabretache" will deal brightly and originally with the fourteen hunting countries which form the subject of the book. I have seen some of Mr. Edwards's pictures for "Shires and Provinces," both in colour and black and white, and they are a joy to behold.

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RIVIERA POLO

By A. W. COATEN

Winter Polo

ONE of the most attractive features of the Riviera season from the sporting and social point of view is the polo at Cannes. This has been a popular institution for many seasons. Polo is now making remarkable strides in various places on the Continent. For example, a club was recently formed at Brioni, an island in the Adriatic, and a number of other new clubs have been opened up during the past two or three years. The Côte d'Azur Club at Cannes, however, can claim seniority over most of the Continental polo organisations. Every winter the galloping game in this favoured region attracts many players from all parts of the world.

Keen Matches

YOU may always be sure of some extremely well contested matches at Mandelieu. All the tournaments with the exception of the championship are played on the handicap; thus it is seldom that matches are runaway affairs. Most of the players are well mounted, which accounts largely for the fact that, while the handicap of the respective players may be low, the standard of polo is remarkably good. For several years the game at Cannes was under the management of Lieut.-Colonel E. D. Miller, one of the best organisers polo has produced.

A New Manager

COLONEL MILLER has been succeeded as polo manager at Cannes by Lieut.-Colonel B. H. Mathew-Lannowe, who has just finished organising a most successful polo season at Biarritz. In addition to being a popular personality, Colonel Mathew-Lannowe is a remarkably good player, and under his direction there is no reason why the game on the Riviera should not continue to make progress. He is to be assisted in the management by Mr. J. F. Macaire, who has had much experience of his duties in connection with the polo clubs at Bagatelle, near Paris, and at Deauville. An effort is to be made to begin the polo on the Mandelieu grounds earlier than usual this season. If a sufficient number of players can be got together, a start will be made on December 15.

Supply of Ponies

OBVIOUSLY it is not always convenient for those who wish to play polo at Cannes to have their own ponies on the scene. This, however, need not necessarily prevent them from taking part in the various tournaments, as arrangements have been made for the hiring out of ponies at so much per chukker or match. These facilities are in the able hands of Mr. William Balding, of Hillmorton, Rugby, so players may rest assured that the ponies which are set aside for this purpose will be fast and handy. Already a large number of French players have arranged to play regularly during the season at Cannes. We may expect that most of last winter's English visitors, including Major Philip Magor, Mr. J. Pickersgill, Mr. E. A. Philippi, Captain E. W. Palmes, and Mr. W. W. P. Woolland will again be present. About a dozen tournaments have been arranged, and it is expected that the season will be prolonged until the middle of March.

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RIVIERA RACING

By "CARBINE."

Big Event at Nice

I AM able to give some details of the racing programme on the Riviera which will be of service to those visitors from England who derive considerable enjoyment from the meetings at Nice and Cannes. This time it has been decided to run the biggest event of the season, the Grand Prix de la Ville de Nice, rather earlier than usual. January 16 is the new date, and, as usual, the greatest crowd of the season will assemble on the picturesque racecourse on the Var on this notable occasion. Last year this race was worth 150,000 francs. Its value has now jumped to half a million francs, which makes it one of the richest prizes of the French Turf. All the best jumpers in France will be competing for it. Punters will hope for as much success as they enjoyed in this event last season, when M. Veil Picard's stable was generally expected to provide the winner, and did, as a fact, carry off the honours with Saint Bernard at odds of 5 to 2.

Going Racing

THERE is ample accommodation for the multitudes which muster every Sunday in January at the Var Hippodrome, which place is easily reached by car from Nice. From that town and others on the Azure Coast excellent char-a-banc services are run for the races. You reach the course in comfort after lunching at Nice. They take their racing much more leisurely than we do at home, and usually the afternoon's programme does not extend to more than four events. Following a meeting at Marseilles, the racing season at Nice opens on January 2 with the steeplechase for the Prix Honoré Sauvan as the leading attraction. Then follow two mid-week fixtures, and these are always delightful to those who would miss the big Sunday crowds. On the 9th the Grand Prix de Monaco, a 100,000-franc steeplechase, is to be run. A week after the Grand Prix de Nice comes the Prix de Monte Carlo of 150,000 francs, a hurdle race of which many English people present last season will have pleasant recollections.

Meetings at Cannes

IN the last week of January the scene will be changed to Cannes, whose race meeting has gone ahead rapidly in recent years. The value of the prizes has been materially increased, and as a result the quality of the sport is excellent. Most of the horses which have won honours at Nice are competing again at Cannes during February. Last season, for example, Saint Bernard endeavoured to follow up his triumph at Nice by winning the Grand Steeplechase de Cannes, but this time the weight was just too much for him, and M. Veil Picard's gallant horse had to rest content with second place. Those who contemplate going to the races here in the new season can be assured of some pleasant days.

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RIVIERA LAWN TENNIS

By MRS. PHYLLIS SATTERTHWAITE

I DO not think that there has ever been an occasion when lawn tennis prospects (so far as the South of France is concerned) have looked brighter or more promising than they do at the present time. There seems to be no doubt (amongst the big *hôteliers* at any rate) that the coming Riviera season will prove to be far the biggest *and* the longest ever experienced. Already the bookings greatly exceed those of last year, and nearly all the largest hotels are opening a month earlier than is their wont, which speaks for itself!

NATURALLY, with the increased popularity of the Côte d'Azur, lawn tennis (always the favourite sport of winter visitors) is increasing also, and one can only dimly imagine what difficulties will be experienced by that well-known referee, Mr. George Simond, in handling some of the big tournaments this season. Last year the entries were enormous. This time I prophesy that they will be larger than ever. More and more lawn tennis players, finding with the soaring franc that winter tennis is not the impossibility it once appeared to be, are pouring down to the South. Where English players could be counted in tens and twenties, now they come in their hundreds. It is sufficient to remember that in Cannes *alone* there are nearly two hundred tennis courts, and, even so, there is always an increasing demand and a great difficulty in securing one to play on. So this season the authorities' task is not an enviable one!

AT Monte Carlo (always the most enterprising of principalities) a new tennis club is springing into being beyond the fashionable little bathing beach at Larvotto. And although I am afraid that the twenty-four new courts they are constructing will not be available for this winter's tournaments, yet they will certainly be in action by the summertime. I understand there is great talk of an all-year season, with all the hotels open for the first time in the history of the Riviera.

OF course, *the* great loss, as far as individuals are concerned, this season must assuredly be Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen; for let critics dispute and rage as they may, Suzanne was undoubtedly the big draw of the Riviera tennis. It made no difference whether her match was against some good player or if she was merely engaged in disposing of someone of the "rabbit" class, Suzanne was playing and Suzanne was what the crowd wanted to see. It may seem absurd, but the fact remains that spectators would frequently be found gathered in crowds around a match of this sort while a really first-class, well-balanced game on an adjoining court received no attention at all.

I AM afraid tournament "gates" will suffer very badly this season by her absence, although it is refreshing to think that in January we shall have over Señorita d'Alvarez (fresh from the snows of St. Moritz and her skating triumphs) for a long season on the Riviera. That well-known player, Miss Elizabeth Ryan, also will be back again after her year in America, and it will be interesting to see with whom, in the absence of her usual partner, Mlle. Lenglen, she will pair up with. It is a thousand pities that Miss Helen Wills should be unable to come South again this winter, for if she had we should certainly have expected to see the Beaumont Trophy (won last year by Mlle. Lenglen and Mlle. Vlasto) going to the U.S.A. had she and Miss Ryan "teamed up" and competed for it. As it is the event looks likely to be a rather open one, and had it not been for the fact that the British women's team to South Africa must necessarily deprive England of some of her foremost players, it should certainly have been a "good thing" for this country. There is, I hear, a strong probability, however, of one or two of America's leading men players getting over in time to play for the "Butler" Trophy, which is held at the same time, and therefore it seems probable that America will carry off one, at any rate, of these two interesting competitions.

THE tennis season will be opened as usual by the Professionals' Championship for the Bristol Cup. This year the meeting will be an especially attractive one, as, in addition to the usual entries, there is a newcomer in the shape of Koseluh (the famous Czecho-Slovakian who won the world's professional meeting at Deauville the year before last, and brother of this year's semi-finalist at Wimbledon), who should be equal favourite with Albert Burke (the present holder) and Najouk. Major Rendall tells me that he is also entering again after his absence from this event last year. As he is in better form than ever, and also one of the few Englishmen competing, I am hoping that we may see him repeating his successes of three seasons ago.

OF course what all lawn tennis players hope for most of all is a descent on the Côte d'Azur by the famous French quartette (René Lacoste, Jean Borotra, "Toto" Brugnon, and Henri Cochet) who carried all before them in the American championships this autumn; and, moreover, it is quite conceivable that this *may* happen. They were originally coming last year to play in the "Butler" Trophy and other events, but were prevented at the last instant by a sudden call to America. They are probably the best players at the moment in any country, and certainly the most attractive to watch, so it would be a super treat to Riviera tennis "fans" that would surely draw crowds to rival those at some of the famous matches of last season.

THIS is perhaps too good to be true, but should it eventuate the loss of a famous "star" player who has joined the ranks of the professionals would be amply compensated for. From what I have heard I am confident that the lawn tennis season in the South will be a more brilliant one than ever. More young tennis "hopes" seem to crop up every year; and there will be no lack of fresh talent from England, at any rate.

PHYLLIS H. SATTERTHWAITE.

Where Time Stands Still

BY HELEN MCKIE

A typical scene among the hills which form the border between France and Italy. Many of the lovely old villages have changed little in the centuries which have crept by since they were built, and the peasant who would travel still uses the methods in favour with his forefathers. It has been left to the *voyageur* from the cities to introduce the only signs of modernity

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What We Shall Wear on the Riviera

BY E. W. BOULTER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BLAM

GREY November days turn our thoughts with longing to the blue skies and mimosa avenues of the sunny South. The preparation of a Riviera wardrobe is a pastime that helps to ward off colds. It is a demonstration of the superiority of mind over matter. Who can fall a victim to Northern chills when living in a dream of anticipation of Blue Train, fascinating frocks and sunshine? For all that, warm wraps are the first necessity as a preparation for Cannes, Nice or Monte Carlo. The champagne-like nip in the air after four o'clock in the afternoon is deliciously invigorating, but it has a way of attacking the weak spots unless furs are worn. Indeed, if you contemplate spending many afternoons at the Polo Club at Mandelieu, where the breeze comes down from the snow-tipped Alps, you will find a fur rug a useful acquisition.

FASHION is very kind in preparing the most delightful *ensembles* that are summery and yet warm. Frocks in the alluring shades of pale pastel-pink, delicate hedge sparrow's egg blue, apple-green and raspberry-red are all accompanied by coats to match, made in a heavier material and trimmed with fur. Lynx, snow leopard and sand-coloured fox are favourites for the collars and cuffs of Riviera wraps. Summer ermine in its attractive beige, gazelle and leopard skin are all useful as a coat for a motor trip over the Haute Corniche, or the hour's whirl from Cannes to Monte Carlo when you decide to spend an afternoon at roulette instead of chemmy.

THE smartest Riviera outfit consists only of what the Americans call "sports clothes" and evening dress. Elaboration in the daytime is out of date and looks wrong. The *chic* jumper and little pleated skirt is just as smart for a *thé dansant* at the Casino as it is on the golf links in the morning.

THIS season there are some amusing sweaters in a variety of lovely colourings decorated with wide horizontal stripes like those on football jerseys. A silk one in a beautiful shade of pale blue has three groups of three-coloured stripes—navy-blue, cornflower-blue and beige. With a *crêpe de Chine* handkerchief scarf bordered with the same three shades and a pale blue skirt pleated in a zig-zag pattern it is remarkably *chic*. Of course, it must be accompanied by a hat in pale blue felt, with a soft crown folded and draped and encircled with a band of ribbon in the same three colours. An *ensemble* of this type has two wraps; one a short cardigan jacket of *cachemire* in cornflower-blue, the other a full length coat of warm kasha in pale blue, trimmed with opossum and cosily lined with squirrel. Neat little velvet jackets, made like a man's blazer and bound with braid, are very smart worn over a crepella frock to match. With these, too, the fashion for a handkerchief scarf round the throat is being revived.

"Fashion is very kind"

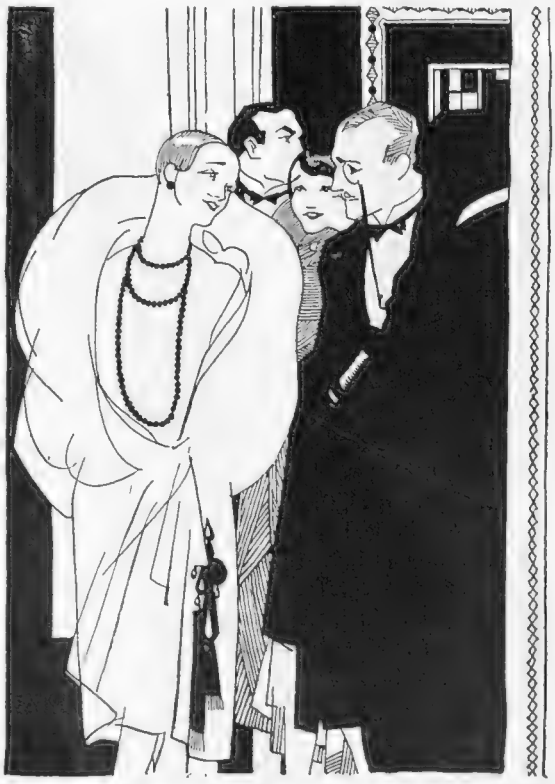
ALTHOUGH the range of colourings for Riviera clothes is lovely, she who wants to play for safety will choose white. Trimmed with a vivid colour, such as sealing-wax red, nothing could be more attractive. A little jumper dress that has been made for Cannes has a sleeveless corsage trimmed with narrow bands of red *crêpe de Chine* down one side and round the hem, crossing in a geometrical design at the waist. The white *crêpe de Chine* skirt is pleated and has an inch-wide hem of red. Over the dress is worn a red kasha coat trimmed with tiny hand-made tucks and lined with white with a red line border. Just the thing for a morning on the Croisette.

SKIRTS are as short as last year. They may be pleated or cut with a clever circular fullness that hangs straight in repose but gives freedom of movement. The day of the hobble is over. The waistline is a little higher. Many of the dainty

crêpe de Chine frocks are worn with a *suède* belt in a slightly darker shade of the same colour, while a plain brown leather belt sometimes gives an amusing note of contrast to a pastel-tinted frock. Snakeskin and baby calf, with mottlings of black and white, or brown and white, are also seen for belts.

FOR a windy morning on Mont Agel there is nothing to beat the cosy jumpers of calf skin, with a cowboy hat to match, that have been designed by Madame Agnès, that clever Paris milliner. They are light in weight, but very warm, and the coolest breeze fails to penetrate. White antelope shoes strapped with brown calf are always *chic* in the South. Snakeskin with calf is a newer fashion that looks well, but should only be adopted by those with very slender feet. There are amusing little shoes of raffia bordered with coloured leather and with coloured heels that are charming for warm days. With all these cobwebby beige stockings the colour of sunburn are worn—never white ones.

A SERIES of felt hats to match the different dresses and coats is essential to the Riviera wardrobe. No trimming other than a petersham ribbon band in two or three colours is ever used. The crown should be soft and the brim flexible, though not very wide.



"At night there need be no limit to your splendour"

SIMPLY as you may be attired in the daytime, at night there need be no limit to your splendour. There are two schools of evening dress: the sparkling and the diaphanous. The former are effective in the somewhat crude lighting of casinos. Filmy frocks of chiffon in exquisite colours are delightful and are more fashionable this year than ever. Madonna-blue, grass-green, and a rich deep red are some of the favourite shades, while black has a distinction that is always an asset. Fringe gives a lilting movement to the many gowns it decorates, and the ostrich feather has returned to favour in a number of fascinating guises.

FUR-TRIMMED wraps to match each gown are desirable on the Côte d'Azur, for the fever of gambling appears to make its devotees susceptible to the merest breath of air. E.W.B.

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THIS YEAR'S GUN-DOGS

By "KENNELMAN"

THE shooting season is now far enough advanced to enable those most concerned to judge how the British Gun-dogs of 1926 are shaping; and, so far as "The Kennelman" has been able to gather, the general verdict is exceedingly favourable, despite some rather gloomy prognostications aired last summer to the effect that working qualities were being sacrificed to concentration on show points. It is all to the good that any such tendency should be watched for and jealously guarded against; but, fortunately, the show judges are mostly sportsmen, and the Field Trials so carefully organised and supervised by the Kennel Club represent an excellent safeguard. When, apart from their capacity as Gun-dogs, any varieties become so widely popular and so greatly loved as companions and members of households, as the ubiquitous Cocker and the Irish Red Setter, for example, it is inevitable that many should be bred for their charm and beautiful appearance, who will never be broken to the gun. But there's no harm in this so long as freakish ideals (as for the development of miniatures, etc.) are discouraged, and no systematic breeding is tolerated along lines detrimental to sporting tradition and working capacity. The fancier who sinned against the light in this direction would deserve boiling in his own kennel cooker; for England has given the world its finest Gun-dogs, and these, with our Hounds and our Sheepdogs and Terriers, are in their own sphere of life as justly esteemed by the best judges in other lands as are English sailors and soldiers and policemen in their sphere.

In the matter of Pointers and Setters the season would appear to have brought no noticeable change. For all-round work no other Dog is more favoured this year than the Labrador, whose emergence from obscurity gunners owes largely to the well-directed efforts of the Duke of Buccleuch. The star of the English Springer has risen high this season; his adaptability and sober good sense being much appreciated. That beautiful Dog, the Flat-coated Retriever (whose rise to fame has had so much to do with the decline in favour of one of his progenitors, the Newfoundland), is now seriously challenged by the Golden Retriever, who seems to be winning opinions of his own colour everywhere. Here again, as with the Cocker and the Irish Red, good looks and companionable character are reinforcing respect for working capacity.

"The Kennelman's" sympathy is qualified, but he can understand the distress of the lady reader of these Notes (down Minehead way) who is horrified by her young Airedale's development of a taste for scavenging: for the picking up and devouring of garbage. It is not logical to expect the well-bred Dog to be more immune than the cur from such apparent perversities; albeit it certainly would be surprising to find them in a really well-*fed* Dog. This by no means implies that the Airedale in question doesn't get enough to eat. Quite likely he gets too much. But it does mean that he's incorrectly fed. Probably his grub is too dainty, too much the sort of thing his mistress would choose for herself. He requires a fair allowance of raw flesh, an occasional ration of lightly boiled "paunch," bones from the butcher's two or three times a week, and no soft or pappy meals; only food that he must crunch and tear for himself; and not more than one square meal in each twenty-four hours, with, perhaps, a dry, hard biscuit, unbroken, twelve hours later, and not a scrap between. His taste for garbage represents his stomach's protest against over-dainty, sloppy, or bloodless diet.

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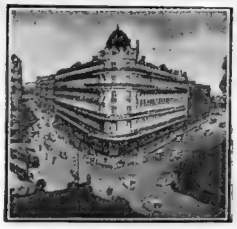

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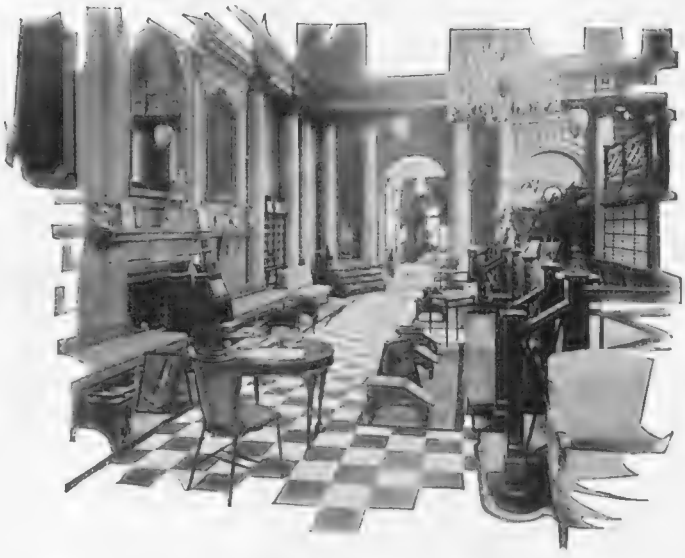

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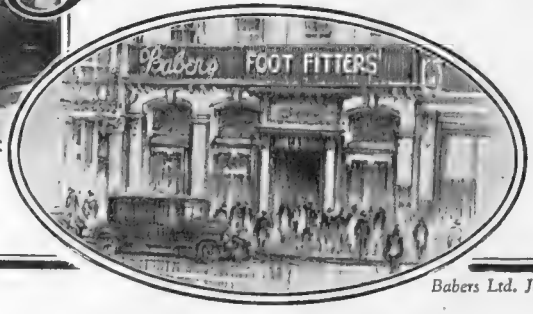

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FEMINA

HUSBANDS AND HOUSE DECORATION

By MRS. M. VINCE

I HAVE recently seen three houses which had all been redecorated on the same plan. The wife had chosen the decoration for all the rooms except the husband's dressing-room. That he had been allowed to decorate for himself exactly as he liked. (In one of the three, the same privilege had been allowed to the children with *their* rooms.)

HUSBANDS were not always allowed so much freedom in the house. I have been reading a book of domestic science of mid-Victorian times which has a long chapter on the dressing room—and a shocking chapter it is. It describes with great care a trick by which a wife can give away her husband's old clothes without being discovered. It advises her that it is "not of the smallest use to give him anything pretty of his 'very own,' as the children say, in his dressing-room." It suggests that if he has the bare necessaries of "a wardrobe, a chair, and a dressing-table and washstand combined it is really all he wants." It admits that if the dressing-room is of a good size, it must have some sort of decoration on the walls, and concludes by saying that in that case, "of course," the wall-paper will be the same as in the bedroom. It is not only women who have been emancipated in recent years. But to return to the three houses.

ALL three had been decorated in much the same style. The walls of all the rooms were plain. They were either painted or distempered. The colours chosen were quiet. The decoration, in fact, was in the prevailing fashion. But, by contrast, what riots of fancy were the three dressing rooms! One of them had a wallpaper of pink roses climbing up a black trellis. One had curtains and chair-covers in orange and blue check. The third had a wallpaper the pattern of which appeared to be composed of scarlet Chinese lanterns.

ALL three husbands, I was given to understand, were quite satisfied with the way in which their wives had chosen the decorations for the rest of the houses; but they were delighted with their own choice for the dressing rooms. (In the house where the children had been allowed to choose for *their* rooms the choice had followed the austerity of the mother rather than the fancifulness—it was he who had the Chinese-lantern pattern—of the father.)

THERE is something very interesting but rather puzzling about this sudden burst of self-expression on the part of the three husbands. What was the meaning of this budding forth of pink roses, this flaming up of scarlet lanterns in the midst of these otherwise plain and dignified houses?

IT means, in the first place, I think, that men as a whole are less sensitive to, and less bound by, the changes of fashion. If those three houses, decorated by three very different women, were all plain, it was simply because the three women were conforming to the standard of taste of the moment. But the three men chose what they did because they liked it. Probably it had not occurred to them that there was any particular fashion of the moment in house-decoration. Probably, too, if it had occurred to them, they would not have bothered much about it. But a mere indifference to fashion does not explain these rooms. One must find some more positive reason why the choice of all three husbands should have been for something striking.

WE know that men, although they pretend the contrary, are as particular about their clothes and appearance as women. And why not? It is not only women whom one sees publicly combing their hair in restaurants. There is a shop in Bond Street—a woman's shop—which has a full-length mirror in its porch. Its windows are curtained so that those who stand in front of the mirror are not aware that they can be seen from inside. And those inside have been both amused and surprised by the number of men who stop and carefully consult that glass.

I WONDER then if the choice of decorations for those three dressing rooms had anything to do with some secret dissatisfaction about their clothes on the part of the three husbands. Perhaps they would have been content with plain walls if their clothes were not still so plain.

POSSIBLY the husband with the pink roses on the black trellis was really coming as near as he dared to some secret wish to wear a waistcoat embroidered with flowers with his black morning coat. Possibly the husband with the blue and orange check was unconsciously echoing the taste of some forgotten eighteenth-century ancestor who actually wore a blue coat with orange breeches. And possibly those scarlet Chinese lanterns on the walls expressed the longing for the brilliant cloaks and fantastic hats of the Middle Ages.

IT is just a fancy, but what "passing visions dim, forbidden hopes profound" for brighter, gayer, dress may not have been revealed by those three strangely decorated dressing-rooms?

MRS. ADELA MADDISON

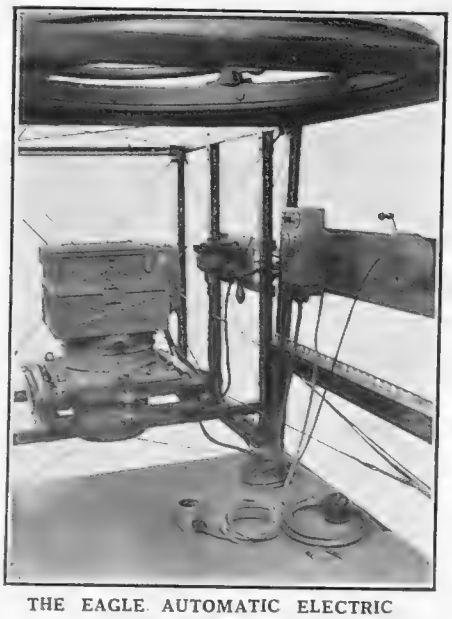
Whose new opera, "Ippolita in the Hills," is to be produced at the Chelsea Palace during the week commencing November 22, in aid of the National Institute for the Blind. Mrs. Maddison is the Music Librarian of the Queen's Dolls' House

ART AND THE FILMS

The sketch for the character of Mariushka in the film of "The Volga Boatmen," which will shortly be seen at most of the leading cinemas. For this production Mr. Cecil B. de Mille engaged the cartoonist, Mr. Dan Sayre Groesbeck to make preliminary sketches, on which the actors based their characterisation and from which the dresses were copied

CAMERA NOTES

PHOTOGRAPHIC EXPLORATION FROM THE AIR



THE EAGLE AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC AERO-CAMERA

A view of the camera mounted in an aircraft for vertical views, showing the controls and indicators

AERIAL photography introduces difficulties which are foreign to ordinary branches of photography, and the design of special types of camera for aerial use has taxed the ingenuity of inventors in many lands. At this time when one hears much complaint of the lagging progress of British aviation, it is gratifying to note that a British concern has produced a new aerial camera that far surpasses all others.

This new model—the "Eagle" Automatic electric camera, for which Messrs. Vickers, Ltd., are sole selling agents—comes of distinguished lineage; it is a product of the Williamson Manufacturing Co., of Willesden Green, whose record in aerial camera manufacture dates from 1915, the year when their first models were supplied to the Royal Flying Corps.

The Eagle camera is an electrically operated type, so completely automatic that its mechanism will carry out the photographic work continuously, without attention—though under the observation and control of the pilot—throughout a spell of about 1½ hours' flying. During this time it will go on making the required exposures at set intervals, operating automatically all the movements and adjustments involved in the successive exposures. Loaded with a single 65ft. spool of panchromatic roll-film, the camera will take a series of 100 photographs seven inches square, each one covering normally about two square miles of country; as each spool is finished, a new magazine is fitted to allow the work to proceed without intermission.

Its most remarkable feature is, however, that as each exposure is taken images of a series of recording instruments are also thrown upon the margin of the sensitive film. Thus each picture permanently records the various data that bear upon its interpretation in the subsequent mapping — namely, exact time of exposure and serial number, altitude, inclination and scale.

To provide against possible failure of the electrical equipment, an air-propeller drive is arranged to be brought instantly into action.

After exhaustive tests this camera has been adopted by the Aircraft Operating Co. for the immense aerial survey in Northern Rhodesia which they have undertaken in contract with a syndicate exploiting mineral interests in this little-explored territory. Important copper deposits are known to exist in this area, and the task of locating them and mapping out the country is to be done by the modern method of aerial survey. The most promising areas for prospecting can be discovered by aerial photographs by reason of the fact that soluble copper deposits prevent the growth of vegetation and reveal themselves as bare patches in the dense orchard bush. Whereas this task of surveying and mapping 52,000 sq. miles would require at least five years by the laborious method of land pioneering, the whole project will thus be completed within eighteen months, and at far lower cost.

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MENGE Frères—*Props.*

PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN

An artist neighbour

Mes Amis,—

Paris had been awaiting in a state of great expectation the new *revue* at the Porte St. Martin. The collaboration of two such authors as Maurice Donnay, of the Académie Française, and Henri Duvernois, who ought to be of the A.F., was expected to produce something which would show the ordinary pot-boiling author what a *revue* really should be. Moreover, their talent was to be supplemented by the genius of Reynaldo Hahn with music beyond the dreams of the most ambitious *revuiste* and, to obtain perfection in the staging, recourse had been had to Jacques Charles, reputed the best "producer" in France.

Not content with this the lessee of the Porte of St. Martin had secured as *etoiles* Huguette Duflos, *la jolie* of the Comédie Française, and Maurice Escande, who has also abandoned the first theatre of France. And with them were Karsavina and Boucot, two of the funniest men of the whole French stage. As preparation for a triumphal success, few productions in Paris can have had equal provision made for them. And yet the *revue* is far from coming up to the level of many others which have received nothing like such a send-off.

The experience has proved a number of things. Playwrights have had a habit of looking down on *revues* as a class of entertainment much inferior to their dramatic works, which they believed they could dash off with facility, but it has been shown that, while *revues* may be on another plane, they need qualifications of authorship which are quite distinct from those of the playwright. In descending from the theatre to the music-hall Maurice Donnay and Henri Duvernois have missed their step and fallen between the two.

Similarly with the "stars." Many actors and actresses of the serious stage who can sing and dance a little are under the impression that they can walk on to the boards of the music-hall and immediately rival Maurice Chevalier and Mistinguett, but both Huguette Duflos and Maurice Escande are now probably wishing they had remained at the Comédie Française, where their success was assured. Huguette Duflos is being sued for three thousand francs a night for breaking her contract with the Comédie Française, and though she was worth that at the House of Molière, she would be lucky to receive it for work in *revue*. Jacques Charles is not up to his best standard either, but he is handicapped somewhat by the others. Of the little group who were so dangerously over-heralded in advance, only Reynaldo Hahn can be said to have emerged without a dent in his reputation, the music being excellently done. Karsavina and Boucot, however, the two performers who received the least share of very extensive publicity, come out best of all, fitting perfectly their allotted places. But then, they have served a long apprenticeship in *revue*, and have outgrown that appearance of amateurishness which hangs about the others. Altogether, this "epoch-making" *revue* is an affair of talents misapplied.

"She took a diamond necklace to the pawnshop"

"A pair of green lips"

Numbers of really capable artists in Paris have been disgusted by the Rousseau incident, and their sentiments are shared very widely among the public. Rousseau's most notorious daub, entitled "The Sleeping Gipsy," was put up for auction among a collection which included many other absurdities, and produced what most people regard as the nonsensical sum of half a million francs. No doubt gipsy's habits enable them to sleep in peculiar postures, but no gipsy could ever have slept as Rousseau painted this one without rolling right off the desert.

The "boosting" of Rousseau into a craze shows the ridiculous lengths of which advertisement can push folly when it is assisted by snobbery. Rousseau, who was a customs official in a low grade, was the crudest amateur, who just dabbed a brush on canvas without the slightest knowledge of technique, and was happy to receive two

or three hundred francs for the result. It is probably untrue, as alleged by ironical critics, that he was induced to devote his pensioned-off days to painting by artist neighbours who found his first hobby of trombone playing too disturbing, and that they created the legend that he was a born genius in order to keep him at the easel and away from the trombone. But for some mysterious purpose or other this story of genius was put into circulation, and Rousseau is said to have been led to believe it himself before he died. It is doubtful, however, if he ever reached the extravagance of imagining that *all* his paintings, sold together or separately, would produce such a sum as half a million francs. Yet, because a certain set must show favour for something that the "masses" cannot possibly understand, Rousseau is included among the ultra-modern "masters" with colours that are *épatant, mon cher.*

S

Among latest available information of *la vie de Paris* it has just been discovered that a married woman of seventy is still a minor in the eyes of the authorities. In fact, even if she lived to be ninety-nine it would still be impossible for her to grow up in a number of senses—or nonsenses—mostly legal. In this case the husband, abandoning home and companion, went off to *vivre sa vie.*

"Disgusted by the Rousseau incident"

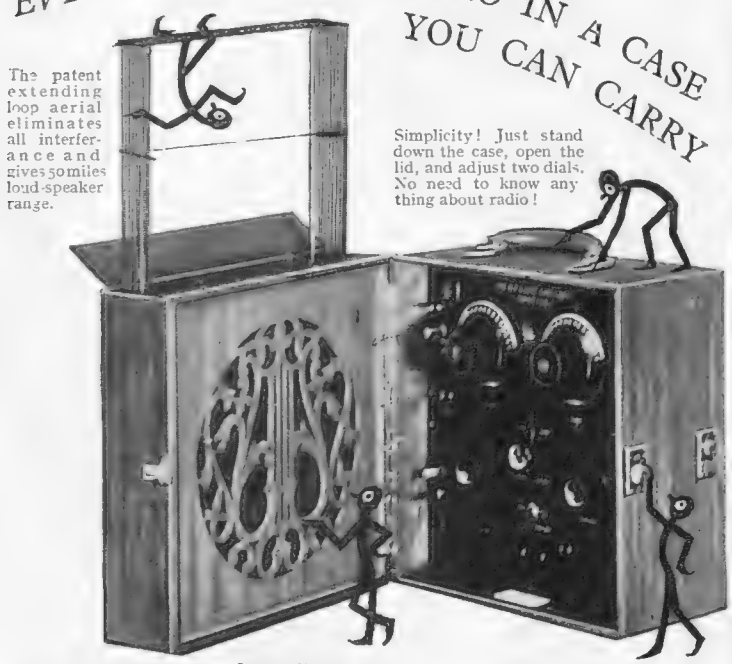
While somewhat upset mentally, the old lady thought it would not matter much on the financial side as she was comfortably off in the matter of *rentes.* But she learned from the family banker that as her husband had omitted to give any order of consent, she could not draw any of the revenue. This disillusionment did not affect her too much as she had a stock of jewels which would produce enough to live on for many years. She took a diamond necklace to the pawnshop, which in France is a State affair, and the official readily agreed to advance thirty thousand francs. The only little formality on which he insisted was the husband's authorisation. Then she had a seizure which almost ended her worries.

S

A new colour problem has arisen and is agitating the *élégantes.* The fashionable colour for the winter, it is announced, is to be brick-red, which is quite welcome. But it is realised that the customary carmine for the lips will no longer be adequate. Along with brick-red it will not show up sufficiently. The most harmonious colour, it is suggested, is green. So we have now to face the appalling prospect of the traditional *baton de rouge* being replaced by a *baton de vert.* Ghastly! Fancy meeting a pair of green lips in the dark.

René.

EVERYTHING FOR RADIO IN A CASE YOU CAN CARRY



And the price complete is only 32 gns.

Large diaphragm loud-speaker in the lid. Faultless reproduction! You'd think the artist was actually present.

Everything complete in the one case. Take it upstairs or down, indoors or out, even away for week-ends!

A wonderful book, '*Music from the Air*,' telling all about this and other portable sets — sent free.

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Illustrated Brochure from

The Manager, Station Thermale, Vernet-les-Bains; and Office Francais du Tourisme, 56, Haymarket, London, S.W.1

Going South?

IF Madame is Wintering South this year it need hardly be reiterated that a visit to Harrods is an essential preliminary to the full enjoyment of the season. In the Salon for Gowns at Harrods, she will find the loveliest interpretations of the Riviera Mode.

'FRISQUET'

Pleats play an important part in this Riviera Gown, of heavy Crêpe-de-Chine. Not only is the skirt box-pleated and stitched, but the puffed sleeves are treated in the same manner. The collar, cuffs and front inlet are of ecru net. Colours: Plum, Bois-de-Rose and Beige. 8 Gns

'FRIPONNE'

This Gown is copied from a Vinonnet model. Of heavy Crêpe-de-Chine, the jumper of lovely veined silk features the new scarf collar, which is finished with fringe. The skirt has the front gathering. A graceful and practical gown for Riviera wear. Colours: Wine, Bordeaux, Tigre, Mastic, and fancy shades to order. Hips 44 inches. 12 Gns

'FREDAINE'

A delightful Crêpe-de-Chine Gown for Riviera wear. The skirt is made with the new cire pleating, and the collar, cuffs and inlet in front are of ecru Georgette edged with fine lace. In Black, Navy and Wine. Hips 42 inches. 10 Gns

SALON FOR MODEL GOWNS: FIRST FLOOR

HARRODS

HARRODS LTD LONDON SW

MOTOR NOTES

AT MONTE CARLO

The 19-20 h.p. Rover photographed after its successful 1,600 mile trial. The run was from Edinburgh to Monte Carlo

A DEFINITE seal has been set on the popularity of four wheel brakes by the fact that Metropolitan licensing authorities have at last relaxed their attitude of opposition and have agreed to license a number of front wheel brake motor omnibuses. Although this has been done as an experiment, all motorists will agree that the universal adoption of the practice on heavy vehicles will do much to make our streets safer both for pedestrians and motorists.

***

NAPIER aero engines, which are used by Imperial Airways on the cross-Channel services, have accomplished remarkable records of reliability. The company have had twenty Napiers flying on the Continental air services during the 12 months ending on September 30, and during that period the engines covered an aggregate of over 566,200 miles. One veteran alone has already flown a distance of 44,405 miles without replacements.

***

THE German show seems to have proved somewhat of a fiasco from the point of view of business done, but it has served to bring to the notice of a wide public many interesting features in design. Perhaps one of the most interesting of the light cars shown is the little Hanomag car, which you can see in daily use as a taxi on the streets of Berlin. The Hanomag has a two-cylinder water-cooled overhead-valved engine built over the back wheels, final drive being by a short completely enclosed chain. The car can be purchased in a wide variety of coach-work, and if he so desires the buyer can acquire a portable garage to fit his diminutive vehicle at a very small cost. There were various examples of front wheel driven cars on view, and an interesting N.S.U. car built on lines closely resembling those of the average British product. One of the handsomest cars on view was the Mauser, with lines suggestive of an up-to-date American car.

***

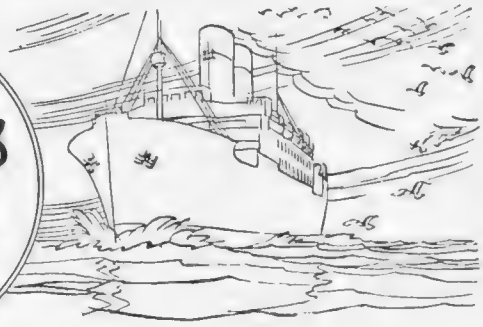
IT has been decided to form a British Steam Car Association, and a meeting has already been held to discuss the subject. All those who may be interested in the matter should communicate with Mr. C. G. Lyon Bowley, at 12, Grantham Place, Park Lane, London, W.1.

***

SOME cars seem to be foredoomed to be unlucky. A motorist friend of mine who is really an excellent driver has been unfortunate enough to have his six-cylinder saloon in the hands of the repairers three times in a year following three accidents, none of which was his own fault. He is now selling the car because he considers it unlucky. An historic example of a hoodoo car is that in which Archduke Ferdinand of Austria was assassinated in 1914, at Serajevo. After the War it was purchased by a Serbian doctor, who was killed while at its wheel. Recently a Rumanian garage proprietor acquired the historic vehicle, and last week, while carrying four passengers, he attempted to pass another vehicle, with the result that the car overturned and all were killed. Happily the vehicle has been reduced to an absolute wreck, so there is no danger of it taking any other lives. K. A.

ETERNAL.

Post early to friends abroad



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Eternal "Swan" with rolled gold bands and clip. No. 444, **27/6**: 446, **30/-**; 448, **35/-**.

230 C. Self-filling "Swan" with rolled gold bands and fixed clip, **23/6**.

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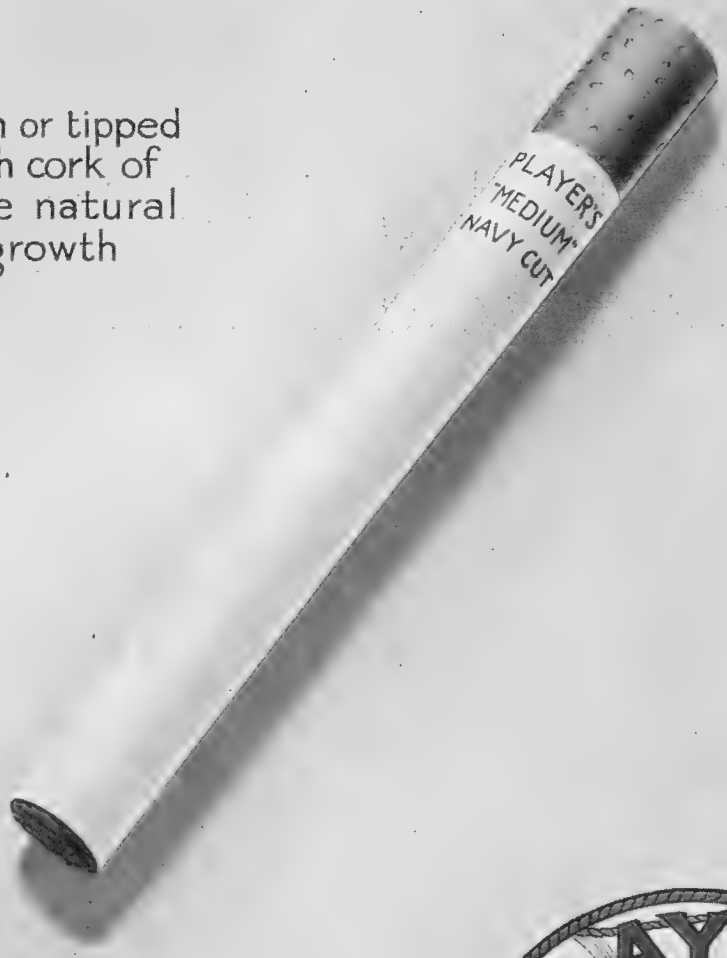
Plain or tipped with cork of pure natural growth



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IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS

The Cyclax daytime finish makes your skin look lovely and does it good at the same time

ALL the Cyclax day lotions and powders have two functions; to make your skin look smooth and lovely and to carry on the good work of nourishing it and protecting it. Cyclax Sunburn Lotion keeps it white and fine-grained. Cyclax powder is not only smooth and soft, but refreshing and healing. Cyclax Lustrozene which darkens the lashes so naturally, has a base of grease which promotes their growth

Everything in Mrs. Hemming's treatment is very simple and meets a definite need. The basis of it is her wonderful skin food which she makes up in different strengths to suit different types of skin. You can feel it doing your skin good as its cool, rich creaminess sinks deep into the pores, reviving tissues and toning up lazy muscles. For cleansing, Mrs. Hemming believes in soap and water, but a soap of her own so soothing that it is a beauty treatment in itself. To close the pores and make the skin fine in texture there are Cyclax Braceine and Cyclax Complexion Milk

Mrs. Hemming specialises in difficult cases and studies your skin carefully until she finds the exact combination of creams and lotions that suit you. After twenty-five years of London experience she definitely says, 'There is no type of skin which cannot be brought to perfection'

COME to-day to 58 South Molton Street for a cup of tea and a free consultation about your own special difficulties. If you, very wisely, decide to try a treatment, you will be amazed how smooth and clean and refreshed your skin will feel after it. But you can do wonders at home by choosing the right Cyclax preparations and using them daily in the right order

CYCLAX SKIN FOOD is the only cream that braces and nourishes at the same time. It sinks deep into the tissues under the skin, feeding and toning them so that the surface becomes smooth and firm. Prices 4/-, 7/6, 15/- and 28/-

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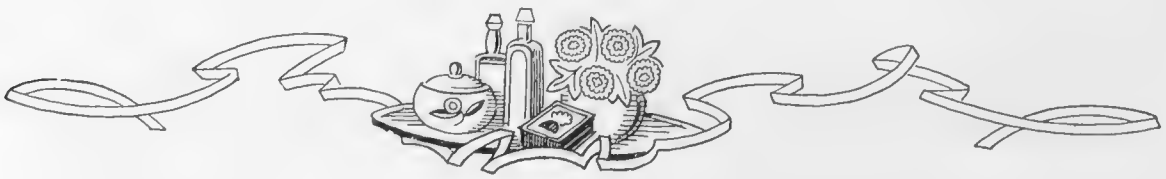
CYCLAX FACE POWDER Here, at last, is the perfect powder, which actually nourishes your skin. Mrs. Hemming will make it up in any shade. Its delicate, even bloom lasts for hours without any need for "repairs." Prices 5/6 and 6/6

CYCLAX SPECIAL LOTION is the only thing of its kind. You use it once or twice a week and it works amazingly quickly. It makes your skin wonderfully white and transparent in a very short time. Prices 5/6 and 10/6

CYCLAX SUNBURN LOTION is made in various thicknesses and shades, so that you can choose the best for the texture and colouring of your skin. Its delicate bloom not only protects your skin, but clears and nourishes it. Prices 4/6, 8/6, 16/- and 30/-

CYCLAX BRACEINE splashed on the face after washing, gently closes up the pores and tightens the muscles, leaving the skin beautifully smooth and fine textured, ready for the final touches of lotion and powder. Prices 7/6, 15/- and 28/-



Fashion's Fancies

By MRS. JACK MAY

The Invincibility of Leather

WHAT a trick history has of repeating itself. In the dim and distant ages, for lack of better, clothing was wrought out of the skins of animals in all their crude simplicity. And after many turns of the big wheel here we are again accepting the same medium as the last word in Fashion, especially for sports wear. With, however, a very world of difference, the practical value of pelt is nowadays enhanced by clever expert treatment and dyeing that render it at once as desirable in appearance as it is serviceable. Take, for example, sheepskin, which in one quality is known as chrome, and in another as *suède*. That either was once the covering of the dull, stupid animal one meets in flocks rounded up by a single dog it is difficult to believe when met in deftly cut and coloured coats for motoring, golf, and the Swiss sports.

FOR COLD DAYS

An attractive model of warm cloth wrap-coat from Kenneth Durward, 26 Conduit Street, W. It is made of all-wool Durwardine in a non-committal shade, lined throughout with amber silk. It is completed by collar and cuffs of ring-tailed opossum

Sketch by Betty Nisbet

As is the case with most novelties, prices have been unduly inflated, and, consequently, women who have to consider ways and means owe a real debt of gratitude to the firm of Kenneth Durward, Conduit Street, W., which is offering all these covetable garments at prices well within the resources of the ordinary purse. As witness a full-length chrome leather motoring coat, lined throughout with check wool, at 12 guineas. The firm finds its resources severely strained to keep the supply equal to the demand for the modish short *suède* coats at 4½ guineas, a price that stands good both for ready-to-wear and made-to-order models. This concession speaks for itself as to the hold Kenneth Durward has got on this particular market. And with a house of such reputation there is every assurance that only the best is forthcoming.

Then, in addition, now short *suède* coats are so large a craze there are arranged skirts to match in the well-known Glenurquhart homespun; skirts built with the perfect tailored precision for which the house is famed, either in full wrap-over style or with inverted pleats at the side, for 5½ guineas. Another feature are box cloth gaiters, coverings to delicate ephemeral stockings that have leapt into popularity this season. Carried right up to the knee, as now decreed, these exact skilful cutting and fitting, and, since an expert deals with the matter at Ulster House, the cost is moderate indeed at 25*s*. From the outset Kenneth Durward very wisely decided that to provide real satisfaction these gaiters must be made to order and special measurement.

Notwithstanding such extraneous issues, the usual interest is accorded warm cloth wrap-coats. One of the latest and newest models, the Whitney, is here illustrated. Perfection for travelling, motoring, driving to meets, etc., it is made of the noted all-wool Durwardine in a useful non-committal shade, lined throughout with amber silk, and completed by a handsome collar and cuffs of ring-tailed opossum.

Princess Petticoats Elegant and Inexpensive

IT is impossible to visit the ladies' outfitting department at Robinson and Cleaver's, Regent Street, without appreciating the quiet, dignified, well-ordered atmosphere. One realises the worth of British productions, reflected in dainty *au dessous*, peignoirs, and the like, and the reason why they are in demand the world over. Women going South and to the East will be glad to learn how Robinson and Cleaver are making a special feature of princess petticoats for wearing under thin day and evening frocks, and are, moreover, bringing these out at very tempting prices. Of

DAINTY *DESSOUS*

Two charming examples of ladies' wear from Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver of Regent Street. The boudoir jacket is of rich quality *crêpe de Chine* arranged on comfortable kimono lines; the princess petticoat being of *crêpe de Chine*, trimmed with two flounces of deep-tinted lace

Sketch by Betty Nisbet

FOR THE KIDDIES

Two becoming models suitable for the small girl. On the left is pictured an all-in-one day-frock of navy blue serge, with a vest of canary yellow and blue stripe. The party frock seen on the right is of printed chiffon, on which are introduced panels gauged on at a low waist

Original design by Betty Nisbet

MESSRS. H. AND M. RAYNE'S
Luxurious shoe salon at 152, Regent Street

good quality *crêpe de Chine* is the model pictured, trimmed with two flounces of deep-tinted lace, a curved piece of the same *dentelle* finishing the camisole top, which is upheld by the tiniest straps of the *crêpe de Chine*. At 29*s*. 9*d*. this is obtainable in peach, apricot, salmon, apple-green, beige, ivory, and white, and conforms absolutely to the decreed slim silhouette of the hour.

To turn to other matters, and the little boudoir jacket illustrated in particular. One of a large choice of designs, this is fashioned of rich quality *crêpè de Chine*, arranged on comfortable kimono lines, lined soft silk, and is priced at 49*s*. 9*d*. The colours in which it is offered include peach, pink, pale blue, and mauve.

Fashions for Small Folk

THE important part children play in the rapidly approaching Christmas festivities is manifested on every side in toys and party frocks, as the shop windows daily show. The picturesque in party frocks still prevails, dainty little models of taffetas, with short, full skirts and close-fitting bodices, trimmed with ruches of the same or frills of narrow lace, vying in favour with others of organdi, lace and net, or georgette. Charming, however, as these are, there is a certain amount of uniformity, and mothers on the look out for something just a little different may like to consider the suggestion portrayed by our artist, who has got away from the groove with a model in printed chiffon, on which there is introduced a series of panels gauged on at a low waist. On a white ground there are roses shading from pale mauve to pink, the former nuance emphasised by a slip of mauve satin and a bow of ribbon on one shoulder.

For the same small girlie or her sister there is also shown a day frock equally suitable to school wear or holidays. This is fashioned of navy blue serge, and is an all-in-one dress, with a coat effect opening over a vest of canary yellow and blue stripe. An easy entrance is effected at the left-hand side. It will be clearly understood that in both cases these are original designs, a fact that will doubtless enhance their value in the eyes of the fastidious.

My Lady's Shoe

At 152, Regent Street, W., is to be found the shoe salon of Messrs. H. and M. Rayne, and the thousands of customers who have visited it since its opening in July last can testify to the really excellent arrangements which exist therein. A feature of the establishment is the fact that no shoe boxes are

(*Continued on page 620*)

THE NEW TELESMATIC DECCA

Tickling Throat

Who wants to hear the cock crow? It's a sign you're awake when you shouldn't be.

But a tickling throat won't be denied and breaks your sleep at unearthly hours.

Let an "Allenburys" Glycerine and Black Currant Pastille dissolve on the tongue at bedtime and sleep in uninterrupted comfort.

There will be no more 'tickling throat' that night.

Your Chemist stocks them.

Packed in distinctive tin boxes containing:

2 oz. - 8d.
4 oz. - 1/3
8 oz. - 2/3
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Allenburys Glycerine & Black Currant PASTILLES

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GRAND HOTEL ST. MORITZ

Most comfortable Hotel.

Favourite with English Society

ALL WINTER SPORTS

Private ice rinks for Skating, Curling, Hockey.

For terms, please ask for booklet No. 6.

Manager: M. L. MARTIN.

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10 Day Tube
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Here's the Way

to lighten cloudy teeth

—to give them gleaming whiteness

Your gums like coral to contrast them—just remove that dingy film; see what happens.

THERE is now a way to quickly lighten and polish cloudy teeth; a way world's dental authorities advise. Your teeth are not naturally off colour . . . simply clouded by a film coat. Run your tongue across your teeth and you'll feel it . . . a slippery sort of coating.

It absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc. It keeps your teeth dingy and invites tooth and gum troubles.

Ordinary dentifrices don't fight film successfully. Remove it and you'll be amazed at the whiteness of your teeth. Your smile will be charming, your teeth like polished ivory, your gums firmed to coral colour.

To-day get the film-removing dentifrice called Pepsodent. Send the coupon for a 10-day supply free. Or . . . purchase full size tube from your chemist.

Pepsodent MARK TRADE

The New-Day Quality Dentifrice

10-Day Tube Free 2070

THE PEPSODENT CO.,
(Dept. 153), 42, Southwark Bridge Road, London, S.E.1.
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Name .....

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Give full address. Write plainly.
Only one tube to a family. *Bystander*, 17/11/26

Restful Nights.

A night of tranquil sleep is strengthening, and the natural prelude to an active day. How to secure it? *Avoid late heavy meals, and "last thing" at night take a cup of Benger's Food slowly, using a spoon.*

There is nothing so soothing and rest-promoting as this nightly cup of Benger's, and, moreover, it is so very palatable.

It also improves the general health. Many conditions arising from malnutrition, including those of nervous or dyspeptic origin, yield to it.

"Benger's Food is the finest thing to go to bed on." *From a Doctor.*

"My patient was a gastric case; violent vomiting was most persistent. I have great pleasure in saying that not only was Benger's retained, but it also ensured a good night's rest."—*From a Nursing Sister.*

BENGER'S Food *for* INFANTS, INVALIDS *and the* AGED.

Sold in Tins, by Chemists, etc., everywhere.
Prices—**1/4, 2/3, 4/- and 8/6.**

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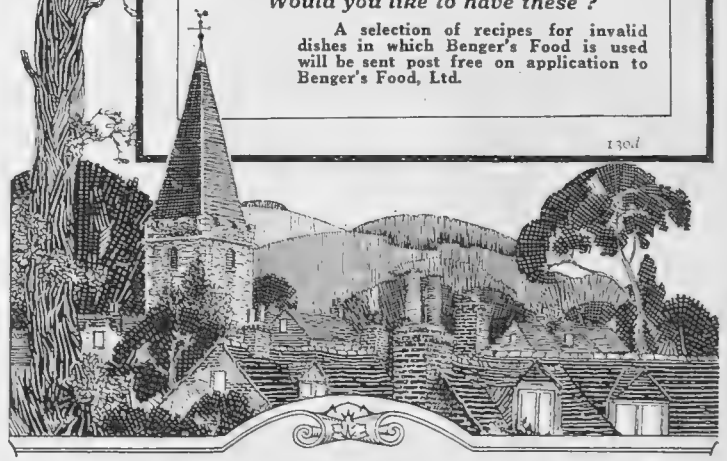
NEW YORK (U.S.A.): 90 Beekman St. SYDNEY (N.S.W.): 117 Pitt St
CAPE TOWN (S.A.): P.O. Box 573.

Would you like to have these?

A selection of recipes for invalid dishes in which Benger's Food is used will be sent post free on application to Benger's Food, Ltd.

130d



McCallum's *Perfection* **Scots Whisky**

Of old, they cried—McCallum More!
Now, their cry is—More McCallum!

SIR LANDON RONALD

Photographed at the opening of Harrods Special Gramophone Week. A demonstration of the pressing of "His Master's Voice" records was given

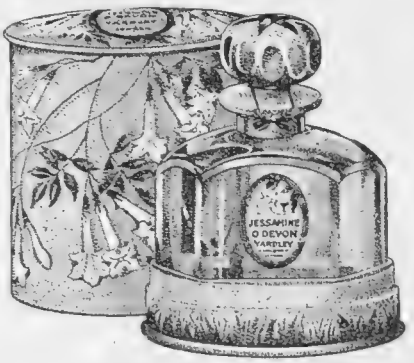
to be seen in the salon, the entire stock being stored in the basement and sent up to the customer on a special electric conveyor in an almost incredibly short space of time. There are, of course, artistic illuminated shoe cases displaying models for the customer's inspection.

The New Decca

A new and welcome arrival in the world of music is the New Telesmatic Decca, which has just made its appearance and is undoubtedly a striking improvement in portable gramophones. Made in many different styles, the new Decca has succeeded in the almost impossible task of "painting the lily," for excellent as was the old Decca, the new Telesmatic Decca is even better. Perfect in tone, strongly made and easily controlled, the Decca has the great advantage of being able to go anywhere, being as easily carried as a dispatch case. It is only necessary to hear the new Decca in action to appreciate what a wonderful all-round improvement has been effected.

"The Graphic" Christmas Number

This special issue, which has been one of the features of the Christmas Season, will be on sale on November 22. The entire number has been produced on a lavish scale in two, three and four colours, and includes many striking innovations in production. Among the well-known authors who are contributing are Lord Dunsany, Mr. John Drinkwater, Mr. H. de Vere Stacpoole, Mr. Cosmo Hamilton, and the late Mr. William Caine. The illustrations are the work of many of the best known artists of the day, a particularly beautiful series of colour plates coming from the brush of Mr. Charles Robinson. The price of the issue is 2s.



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Who were first in the International First Aid Competition. This was recently held at Amsterdam

A Notable Gathering

On Friday evening, November 5, when the London staff and employees of Messrs. Allen-Liversidge, Ltd., met together at the Trocadero Restaurant for their annual dinner, the chair was taken by Mr. Harry Stevenson, chairman of the company, and every director was present, together with some two hundred staff and guests.

It would be impossible to find a finer example of *esprit de corps* in an industrial concern than was shown at this gathering. All grades of staff were represented, and it was quite obvious by the tone of the whole proceedings that the very least of the difficulties with which Messrs. Allen-Liversidge, Ltd., have to contend is labour troubles.

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No. 1,196—Vol. XCII. Wednesday, November 17, 1926 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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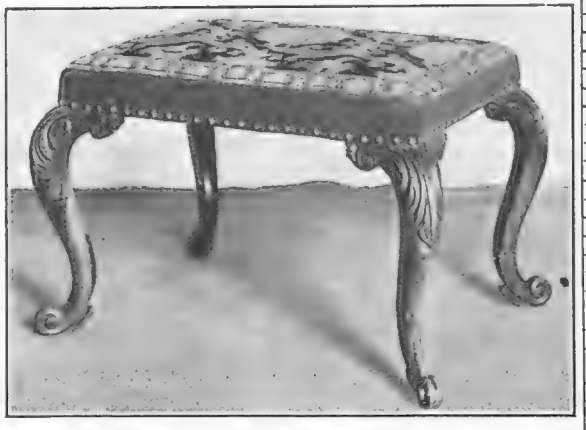

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No. 4 Boiler,	35	× 40	× 10
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Or same cubical contents.

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The Strain of Dancing

LEON WOIZIKOVSKY AND SERGE LIFAR AT PRACTICE. [*Photo by Lenare.*

BEHIND THE SCENES *at the* RUSSIAN BALLET

In this photograph one sees two famous Stars of the Russian Ballet, Woizikovsky and Serge Lifar in their practice costume. For in addition to dancing in two or three Ballets a day, the dancers are perpetually practising and rehearsing.

To support this tremendous physical and nervous strain, they need food which gives the greatest possible nourishment to maintain that glorious fitness which ensures the perfection of their performance. In Virol-and-Milk they find a food which, in their own words, is "excellent for preventing both physical and nervous exhaustion."

What applies to the Russian Ballet applies in some degree to all of us. The strain of work, of sport, of ballroom dancing, of all three of these combined, calls for the same food, Virol-and-Milk, which the Russian dancers find so valuable in preserving their vitality.

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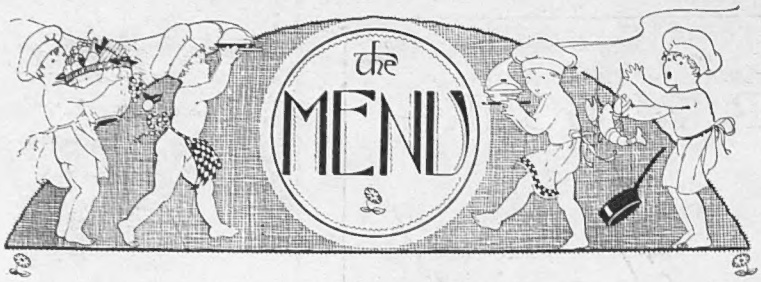

PUDDINGS AND SWEETS

APPLE MERINGUE.
PRESERVED GINGER PUDDING.
GRAPE FRUIT MOULD.
BANANA FRITTERS.
COMPÔTE OF PEARS.

Apple Meringue

PEEL, core, and quarter some good cooking apples, sweeten them with brown sugar, and add a strip of lemon-peel. Stew till perfectly tender and of good colour—remembering that long cooking will produce this. Take them off the fire, add a small piece of butter, and, when cool, see that the flavouring is right. In the bottom of a glass or silver dish put a layer of pounded macaroons, cover with the apple, and, just before serving, cover roughly with the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs, slightly sweetened. A little castor sugar, coloured with cochineal, dusted over the top will improve the appearance.

Preserved Ginger Pudding

Take two eggs, their weight in sugar, butter, and flour (this is a ½ lb. of each), a teaspoonful of baking powder, and 3 oz. of preserved ginger. Beat the butter to a cream, add the sugar and flour, with which the baking powder should be mixed, then the preserved ginger cut into dice. Beat the eggs, yolks and whites separately and add the yolks first to the pudding, then the whisked whites. Pour into a buttered mould, and steam for one and a half hours. Turn out, and pour a cream sauce round it.

Grape Fruit Mould

Put six tablespoonfuls of cornflour into a basin and stir till well blended with six tablespoonfuls of water, stir this into a cup and a half of boiling water and cook till clear. Meantime, mix a teacupful each of grape fruit juice and sugar, the grated rind of one orange, and a pinch of salt. Add this to the hot cornflour, let it cook a minute or two, then pour upon it the stiff-whipped whites of three eggs, beating well. Turn into a wet mould, put on the ice, and serve with cream.

Banana Fritters

Peel some bananas, cut them in halves, put them into a basin and sprinkle over them a little white wine and a little chopped lemon-peel. Sprinkle over with castor sugar, and let them remain for an hour. Dip each piece in frying batter, and fry in boiling lard till a golden brown, take them out, drain, dust with sugar, and serve very hot.

Compôte of Pears

Peel thinly some stewing pears, cut each in half or quarters, and take out the cores. Boil up half a pint of water with ½ lb. of granulated sugar, stir it, and add the rind of half a lemon and three cloves. When it has become a thick syrup pour it over the pears in a stone jar, cover with a lid, and cook them gently in the oven till done. A little cochineal should be added to the syrup.

EMILIA.

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U.K.	£3 3 0	U.K.	£1 11 6	U.K.	15s. 9d.
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Chivers' Jellies

Delicious. Wholesome. Refreshing.

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Drawn from the famous " Célestins " spring at Vichy, and bottled under State supervision, this famous Mineral Water is an acknowledged and *proven* defence against *gout, diabetes* and the early stages of chronic affections of the urinary passages.

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Obtainable at all Hotels, Clubs, Chemists, Stores, etc.

The French Natural Mineral Water

VICHY-CÉLESTINS

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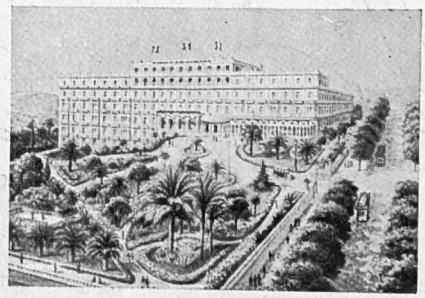

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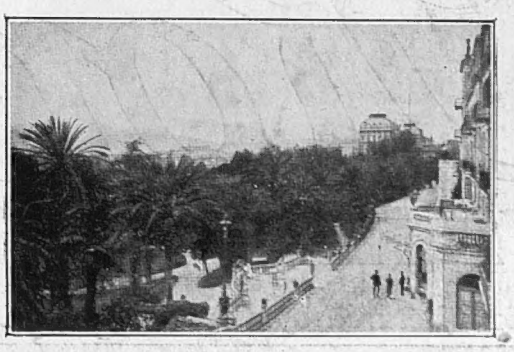
In the midst of a large park with splendid view of the Bay, near all the Tennis Clubs, the Lerins, and the Estérel Mountains.

In Summer, Imperial Palace, Annecy (Hte. Savoie)



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HOT WATER BOTTLE

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IN case of illness a hot water bottle is nearly always necessary. It pays to have the best. Get a RONOLEKE.

A RONOLEKE in bed prevents any possibility of catching chills or colds from unaired sheets.

A RONOLEKE in the child's cot makes sleep come easily. It prevents cold feet and restless nights.

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The RONOLEKE is made from the finest rubber and guaranteed against leaking.

POPULAR SIZE 12" × 8"

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